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DESPERADO DESPERADO DESPERADO

Illustrations

THE
FIGHT FOR LAW
AND ORDER
IN THE
WILD
WEST

ALL
TRUE
WILD WEST
ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

YOUR DAY WILL
COME, BOWLER, AND
RIGHT SOON! THERE'LL
BE MORE LAWMEN
WHERE I COME FROM—
ENOUGH TO FLOOD
YOU AND YOUR
KIND OVER
FOREVER!

I'M GONNA BE JURY, JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER,
ALL IN ONE! I HATE TIME WASTIN', SO I'LL GIVE
YOUR CASE TO THE JURY RIGHT AWAY! **HEADS**
YOU CROAK, AN' **TAILS** YOU CROAK! HMM...I
WONDER WHAT THE VERDICT WILL BE?

CHARLES
BIRO

A
FULL-SIZE
52 page
MAG!

LEV GLEASON
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OBEY THE LAW

A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY

JOE BOWLER

THE ANSWER TO HOW MUCH ABUSE A
TOWN OF LAWFUL CITIZENS COULD
TAKE IS TOLD IN THE CRIMSON
HISTORY OF THIS DESPERADO!

JOE
BOWLER
HANGED
JUNE,
1880

ATTENTION!
DESPERADOES, RUSTLERS,
TINHORN'S AND JOE BOWLER
SHARPERS! HERE HANGS THE
LAST OUTLAW IN SOCORRO!
THINK TWICE BEFORE
ENTERING SOCORRO! THERE'S
MORE ROOM ON THE LIMB
FOR YOU!

THERE WASN'T A
STITCH OF CLOTHING ON
JOE BOWLER THAT HE DIDN'T
STEAL, SO THEY LEFT HIM HANGING
IN HIS SOCKS AND UNDERWEAR
FOR DECEMY'S SAKE! EVEN THE
GOLD IN HIS TEETH BELONGED TO
MEN HE'D MURDERED FOR THE KILLINGS!
THE ONLY THING JOE COULD CALL HIS
OWN WAS HIS SOUL, AND THAT WAS
STRANDED OUT OF HIS BODY BY THE
PROCESS OF THE LAW! IN JUNE 1880!
AND THE THIEVING ALL BEGAN WITH
ME—THE GAUDIEST PAIR OF RIDING
DOGS, NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE!
I CAN REMEMBER EVERYTHING
THAT HAPPENED AS
CLEAR AS DAY!

IF THEY
GOT JOE
BOWLER,
THEY'LL
STRING US
UP TOO, FOR
SURE!

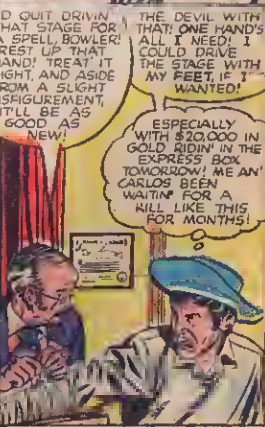
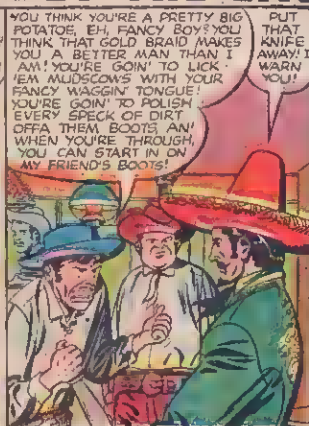
A GUY
CAN'T EARN
A DISHONEST
BUCK NO MORE!
NO, SIR!

I'M PUTTIN'
DISTANCE
BETWEEN THIS
TOWN AN MYSELF!
SOCORRO AIN'T
NO HEALTHY
PLACE FOR A
FAST DOLLAR
NO MORE!

IN
CONSIDERATION
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE INVOLVED
AND RELATIVES OF
OTHERS, THE NAMES
OF SOME CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN THIS
TRUE MAGAZINE
ARE FICTITIOUS.
the editors

ART
BY
KIDA

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



BOWLER HAD INCORRIGIBLE GAMBLING HABITS AND FOR OVER A YEAR HE HAD BEEN MAKING GOOD HIS LOSSES AT THE EXPENSE OF THE OVERLAND STAGE! IT WAS THE LATE LARD TYLER, WHO HAD INTRODUCED JOE TO CARLOS—A BIT OF BAD MEDICINE THAT HAD FLOATED ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE!

IT IS THE GRINGO COMING! WAVE THE TORCH IN A CIRCLE!



WHAT HAPPENED TO LARD? ANY YOUR HANDS IS BUSTED?

YEAH—WE RAN INTO ONE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN, COLONEL GOMEZ! THE GUY PLUGGED LARD ANY BRASS MY WING BUT HE'LL GET HIS SOME DAY. DON'T WORRY!

CARLOS, TELL YOUR BLASTED SCUM TO GET THEIR GRIMY HANDS OFF MY BOOTS! THEY KEEP RUBBIN' EM LIKE THEY WAS VELVET!

VAMOOSE, PIGS! I BREAK YOUR WARTED HANDS TOO!

EXCUSE THEM, SENOR! MY MEN—THEY ARE VERY POOR! TO THEM THE BOOT IS A MARK OF GREAT WEALTH! SHOES ARE SCARCE AS GOLD! I THINK MY MEN WOULD KILL ANYBODY FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS!

TELL 'EM THEY'LL GET THEIR CHANCE ON THE LAS VEGAS STAGE WHICH I'M DRIVIN'! THERE'LL BE \$20,000 IN THE STRONG BOX TOMORROW, AN' I WANT TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO'LL LIVE TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED!



AM, SENOR, I HAVE HEARD THESE STORIES OF \$20,000 BEFORE! NEVER ONCE HAVE WE TAKEN MORE THAN A FEW DOLLARS! MY MEN GROW TIRED OF PROMISES! THEY HAVE NOT EVEN BOOTS TO SHOD FOR THEIR WORK!

DO YOU THINK I'D BE RIDIN' WITH A BROKEN WHEE? FOR MY HEALTH! TELL THOSE DOGS THEY'LL HAVE ENOUGH DINERO TO WEAR BOOTS ON THEIR EARS!

WE'RE PUTTING ON TWO EXTRA SHOTGUN MESSENGERS TO TAKE CARE OF THAT EXTRA GOLD IN THE STRONG BOX! NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU CAN DRIVE, JOE?

REMEMBER—YOU'VE GOT EXCLUSIVE COMPANY TODAY! COLONEL GOMEZ OF THE MEXICAN ARMY WILL BE ON IT TOO! WE WANT GOMEZ TO SAY WHAT A COMFORTABLE RIDE HE HAD ON OUR LINE!

GOMEZ—LADY, LUCK, YOU'RE SURE SHININ' UP TO ME THIS MORNIN'!

LEAVE GOMEZ TO ME, BOSS! HE'LL REMEMBER THIS RIDE AS LONG AS HE LIVES!



BOWLER WAITED TILL THE COLONEL'S BACK WAS TURNED! THEN HE SPRANG INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT! HAD ANYONE BEEN ABLE TO READ BOWLER'S MIND, THEIR BLOOD WOULD'VE FROZEN IN THEIR VEINS!

ALL ABOARD! THE EXPRESS STAGE TO LAS VEGAS NOW LEAVING!

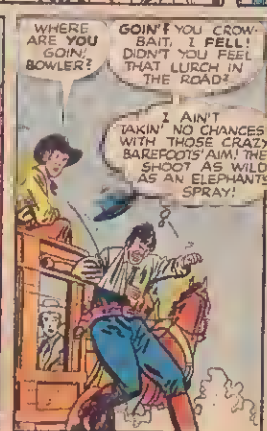
SO COLONEL GOMEZ IS ON THIS STAGE—IS HE? HO HO HO—GOOD!



HERE THEY COME! HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL THEY PASS US! THEN, BOOM, BOOM—FROM THE BACK!

MUCH BAGGAGE ON THE WAGON! WE GET BOOTS THIS TIME—THREE BOOTS FOR EACH FOOT!

THIS IS WHERE THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO ATTACK! I'M GONNA BREAK AWAY FROM THIS STAGE!



WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', BOWLER?

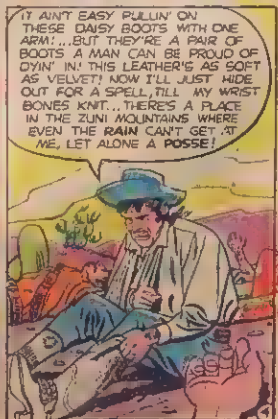
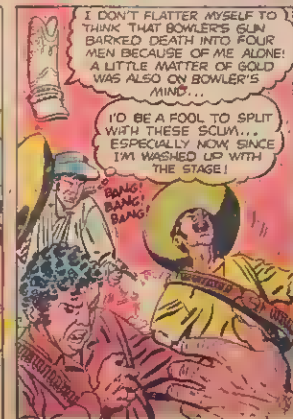
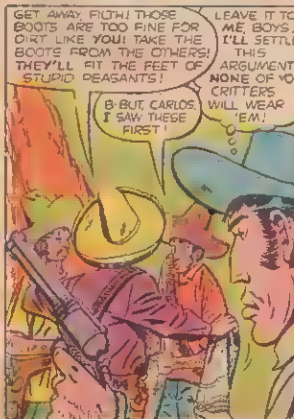
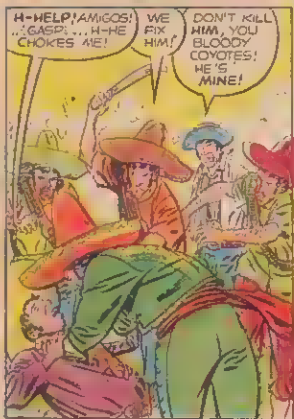
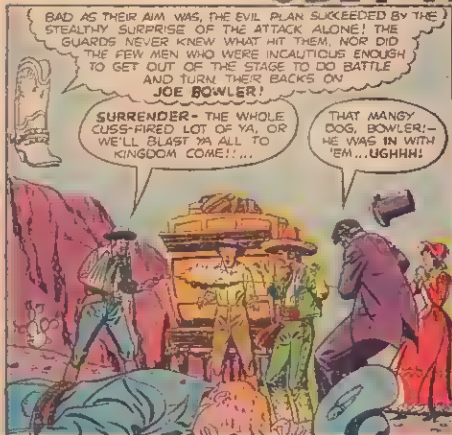
GOIN' FOR YOU CROW-BAIT, FELL! DIDN'T YOU FEEL THAT LURCH IN THE ROAD?

I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES WITH THOSE CRAZY BAREFOOTS' AIM! THEY SHOOT AS WILD AS AN ELEPHANT'S SPRAY!

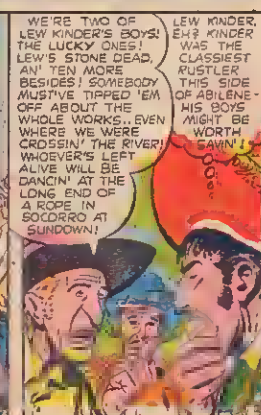
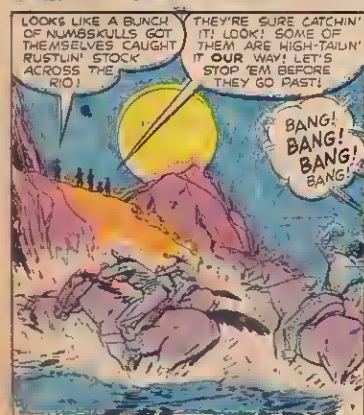
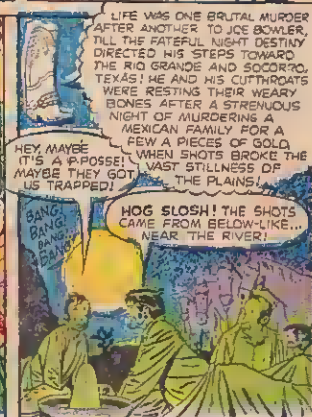
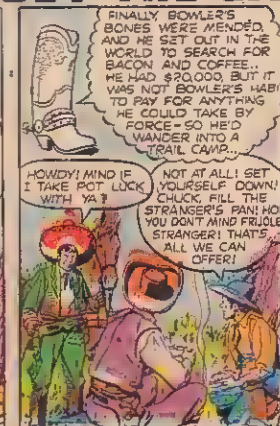


NOW! COMPANEROS!

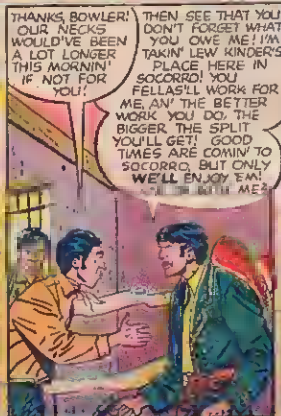
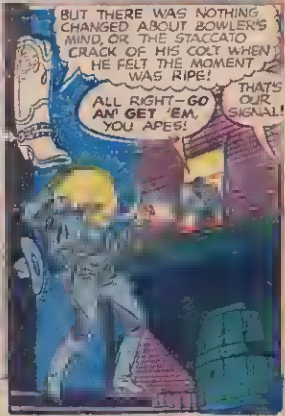
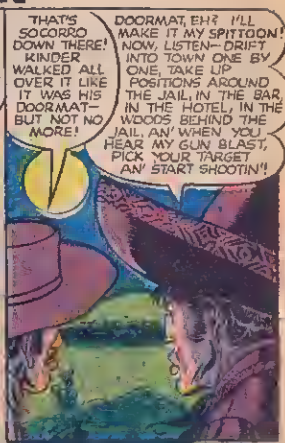
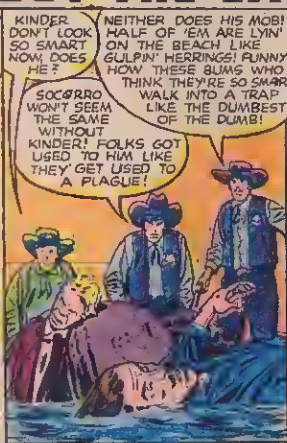
OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

THE NERVE OF THAT SKUNK! HE KILLS SHERIFF BALLENGER, AND NOW HE PASSES THE HAT AROUND FOR BALLENGER'S WIDOW, LIKE THE DEATH OF A HUMAN BEING MEANT SOME THING TO HIM!

EMPTY YOUR PURSE IN THAT HAT! AIN'T YA GOT NO SYMPATHY FOR THE DEAD MAN'S FAMILY?

NOW! THESE SORCERO LICE THEY ONLY THINK OF THEMSELVES! I ALWAYS GOT TO KEEP TEACHIN' 'EM MANNERS! NO BREEDIN'-THAT'S THEIR TROUBLE!

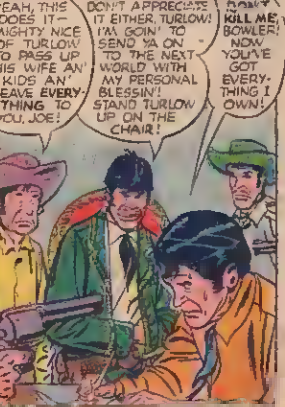
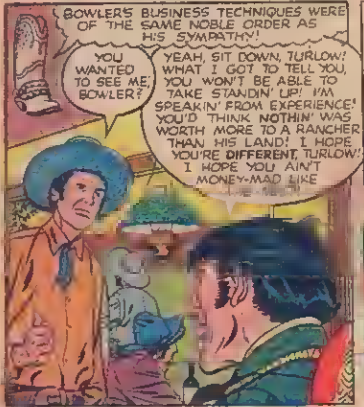
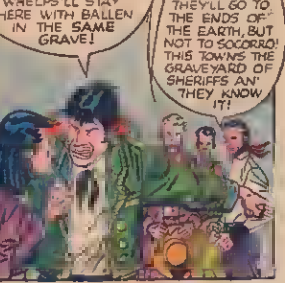
HERE Y'ARE, MRS. BALLENGER-MORE MONEY THAN YOUR DUMB HUSBAND MADE IN A LIFETIME OF BADGE-WEARIN'! MAKE YOUR NEXT MAN A FAST-SHOOTIN' MAN LIKE ME, WHO LIVES LONGER! HEY-OWWW...

YOU DIRTY SIMPERING SNAKE! IF I HAD A GUN, I'D KILL YOU!

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU AIN'T NO BETTERIN' BALLENGER WAST I DON'T CARE IF YOU AN' HIS MANGY BRATS CROAK FOR A CRUST OF BREAD! GET THE BLAZES OUT O' TOWN BY NOON, OR SO HELP ME, YOU AND YOUR FUNNY-LOOKIN' WHELPS'LL STAY HERE WITH BALLENGER IN THE SAME GRAVE!

A FAST-SHOOTING SHERIFF COULD WIPE UP THE GROUND WITH THAT ROTTEN BULLY!

SURE, BUT TRY AN' FIND THAT SHERIFF! THEY'LL GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, BUT NOT TO SORCERO! THIS TOWN'S THE GRAVEYARD OF SHERIFFS AN' THEY KNOW IT!



D. DON'T SHOOT HIM! THE WOUND AIN'T BAD, HE JUST NICKED MY SIDE! GET SOME ROPE AN' SOME WRITIN' MATERIALS! TURLOW'S GOIN TO MAKE OUT HIS LAST WILL AN' TESTAMENT!

H. HELP ME! DON'T STAND THERE LOOKIN ON-ME'S GOIN TO KILL ME!

DON'T BE A FOOL, TURLOW! THEY AIN'T GOIN TO HELP YOU! THEIR FEET ARE SHAWN IN THEIR BOOTS, JUST LIKE YOURS ARE! NOW WRITE AFTER ME- I, PETER TURLOW, BEN' O' SOUND MIND AN' SOUND BODY...

N. NO! OWN-MY ARM! WRITE BEFORE I BREAK THE WHOLE WING OFF!

YEAH, THIS DOES IT- MIGHTY NICE OF TURLOW TO PASS UP HIS WIFE AN' KIDS AN' LEAVE EVERYTHIN' TO YOU, JOE!

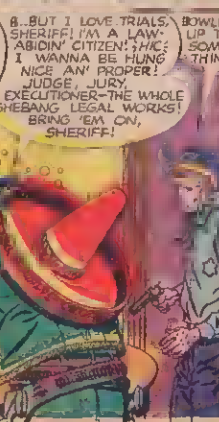
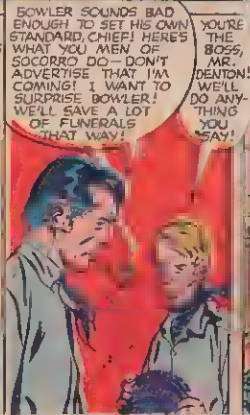
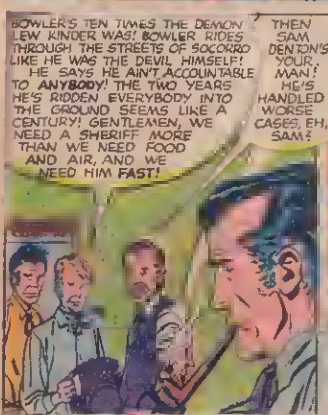
DON'T THINK I DON'T APPRECIATE IT EITHER, TURLOW! I'M GOIN' TO SEND 'YA ON TO THE NEXT WORLD WITH MY PERSONAL BLESSIN'! STAND TURLOW UP ON THE CHAIR!

DON'T KILL ME, BOWLER! NOW YOUNG GOTT GOT EVERYTHIN' I OWN!

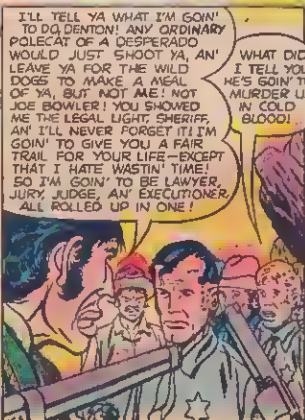
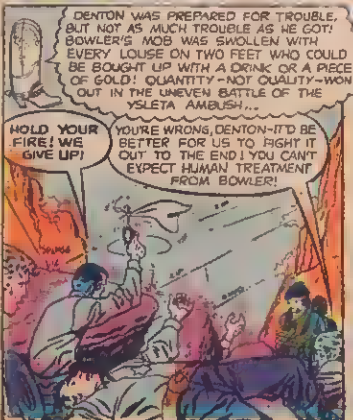
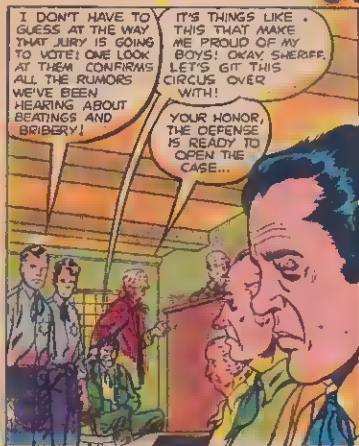
OWH!

BANG! BANG!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



IT'S HEADS!
YOU GET
STRUNG
UP!

YOU'RE NOT TRUE
TO YOUR TYPE,
BOWLER! YOU CAN'T
MAKE A NICKEL
OUT OF HANGING
US! YOU'RE KILLING
WITHOUT GAIN!

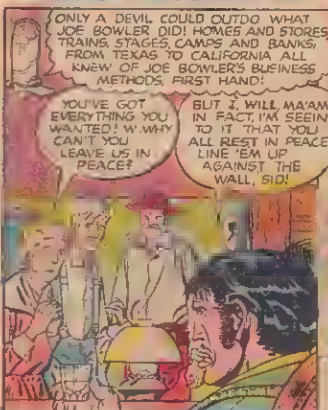
I'M LIKE YOU
SHERIFF! I AIN'T
INTERESTED IN
GAIN—ONLY
INTERESTED IN
JUSTICE! SAY,
SID ARE DENTON'S
BOOTS NICER
THAN MINE?

NAW, BOSS—
THEY'RE ONLY
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR A DUMB
SHERIFF! I'M
TAKIN' 'EM
OFF, SO
DENTON
DON'T GET
TO FEEL HE
DIED WITH
'EM ON!

YOUR DAY WILL
COME, BOWLER,
AND RIGHT
SOON THERE'LL
BE MORE
LAWFUL MEN
WHERE I CAME
FROM ENOUGH TO
FLOOD YOU AND
YOUR KIND OVER,
YOU MANGY
DOG!

WHERE
TO NOW,
BOSS?
SOKORRO
WILL BE
TOO HOT
ONCE THEY
FIND DENTON!

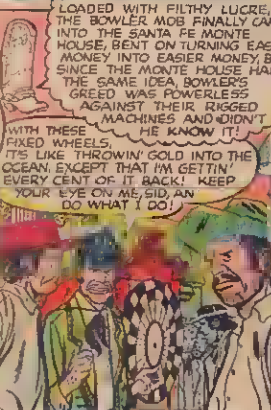
I WAS THINKIN' OF
HEADIN' FOR SANTE FE
AN' THE SOUTHWEST! AIN'T
BEEN THERE FOR YEARS!
SANTE FE USED TO BE
MY OLD STAMPING
GROUNDS! I FIGGER WE
CAN DO PLENTY OF
BUSINESS ON THE WAY
WEST! THEY OUGHT TO
KNOW THE GOOD NAME OF
JOE BOWLER AN'
COMPANY BY NOW!



ONLY A DEVIL COULD OUTDO WHAT
JOE BOWLER DID! HOMES AND STORES,
TRAINS, STAGES, CAMPS, AND BANKS
FROM TEXAS TO CALIFORNIA ALL
KNEW OF JOE BOWLER'S BUSINESS
METHODS, FIRST HAND!

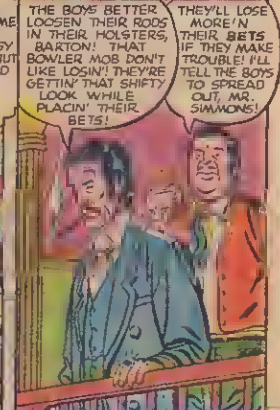
YOU'VE GOT
EVERYTHING YOU
WANTED! W WHY
CAN'T YOU
LEAVE US IN
PEACE?

BUT I WILL, MA'AM!
IN FACT, I'M SEEIN'
TO IT THAT YOU
ALL REST IN PEACE!
LINE 'EM UP
AGAINST THE
WALL, SID!



LOADED WITH FILTHY LUCRE,
THE BOWLER MOB FINALLY CAME
INTO THE SANTA FE MONTE
HOUSE, BENT ON TURNING EASY
MONEY INTO EASIER MONEY, BUT
SINCE THE MONTE HOUSE HAD
THE SAME IDEA, BOWLER'S
GREED WAS POWERLESS
AGAINST THEIR RIGGED
MACHINES AND DIDN'T
HE KNOW IT!

WITH THESE
FIXED WHEELS,
IT'S LIKE
THROWIN' GOLD INTO THE
OCEAN EXCEPT THAT I'M GETTIN'
EVERY CENT OF IT BACK! KEEP
YOUR EYE ON ME, SID, AN
DO WHAT I DO!



THE BOYS BETTER
LOOSEN THEIR RODS
IN THEIR HOLSTERS,
BARTON! THAT
BOWLER MOB DON'T
LIKE LOSIN'! THEY'RE
GETTIN' THAT SHIFTY
LOOK WHILE
PLACIN' THEIR
BETS!

THEY'LL LOSE
MORE 'N
THEIR BETS
BEFORE THEY MAKE
TROUBLE! I'LL
TELL THE BOYS
TO SPREAD
OUT, MR.
SWAMONS!



OKAY—THE PARTY'S
OVER! LINE UP
WITH YOUR FISH-
HOOKS HIGH! NO
RIGGED MACHINE
IS GOIN' TO MAKE
A SUCKER OUT
OF ME!

BOWLER! PUT THAT
GUN AWAY! YOU AN'
YOUR COWBOYS ARE
JUST SITTIN' DUCKS
FROM WHERE WE
STAND! YOU AIN'T GOT
A CHANCE FOR AN
OTHER THING BUT A SLUG
IN THE HEAD!

YA BETTER
LISTEN TO
HIM, BOSS!
THEY'RE
ALL
AROUND
US!



LET 'EM TRY AN'
HIT THIS SITTIN'
DUCK! GO AHEAD,
YOU POLECATS!
BLAST 'EM!

ALL RIGHT,
MEN! GIVE
BOWLER A
GOOD LOOK
AT THE
NEXT
WORLD!



LOOK AROUND, BOWLER!
NOW TELL US WHETHER
YOU WANT
TO FIGHT!

N, NO!
HOLD IT!
WE'RE
THROUGH!
YOU GOT
US!

OBEDY THE LAW



LET US
GET OUT,
SIMMONS!
WE WON'T
BOTHER
YOU NONE!
THAT'S A
PROMISE!

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO
WITH YOUR PROMISES, BOWLER!
I PUT MY TRUST IN MY BOYS
AN' THEIR SIXERS! DON'T COME
POKIN' YOUR NOSE THROUGH
MY DOOR AGAIN, OR YOU'LL
GET IT BLOWN OFF YOUR UGLY
FACE! NOW, VAMMOOSE—AN!
TAKE YOUR DIRTY PIGS
OUT WITH YOU!

THAT LAST CRACK
ABOUT MY UGLY
FACE IS GONNA
HAUNT SIMMONS
TO HIS
GRAVE!

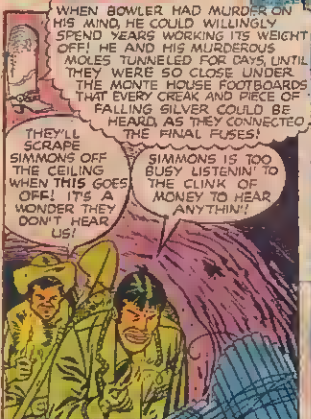
AIN'T
THERE SOME
TNT IN EVERY
ROUNDHOUSE
REPAIR
SHOP?

SURE! THEY
USE THE
TNT FOR
BLASTIN' OUT
NEW ROAD-
BEDS THROUGH
THE MOUNTAINS!
WHY?

AN IDEA
JUST
TICKLED
MY NOGGIN!
LET'S GET
SOME OF
THAT
TNT!

YA SURE
THERE
AIN'T
NOBODY
ELSE
AROUND,
JOE?

SURE, I'M SURE! SHUT UP
AN' LISTEN! WE'RE GOIN'
TO DIG TUNNELS UNDER
SIMMONS' MONTE HOUSE.
AN' WE'RE GOIN' TO PLANT
THIS STUFF RIGHT UNDER
HIS CROOKED WHEELS!
HERE, TIE THESE STICKS
TO YOUR SADDLE!



THEY'LL
SCRAPE
SIMMONS OFF
THE CEILING
WHEN THIS GOES
OFF! IT'S A
WONDER THEY
DON'T HEAR
US!

SIMMONS IS TOO
BUSY LISTENIN' TO
THE CLINK OF
MONEY TO HEAR
ANYTHIN'!

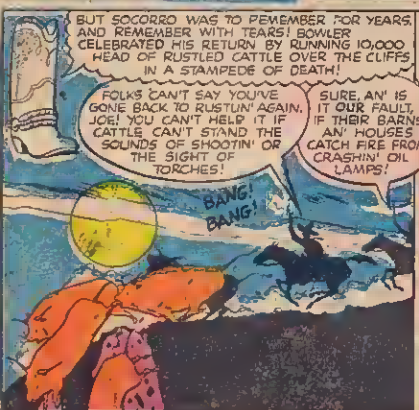


I SAY SIMMONS
WAS TESTIN' A
LEAD NICKEL WITH
HIS TEETH WHEN
SHE BLEW!

AN' I'M
HOPIN' HE WAS
HOLDIN' HIS
FIRST ROYAL
FLUSH!

NOW BACK TO
SOCORRO! WE
AIN'T WIPED OUR
FEET ON THAT
BURG FOR TOO
LONG! PEOPLE
WILL BE FORGETTIN'
ABOUT US!

YOU GOT WAYS OF
MAKIN' 'EM REMEM-
BER, JOE! I CAN SEE
GOOD OL' SOCORRO
NOW! EVERYBODY
SLEEPIN' AN' NOBODY
KNOWIN' OF THE
PLEASURE THAT'S
HEADED THEIR
WAY!



BUT SOCORRO WAS TO REMEMBER FOR YEARS,
AND REMEMBER WITH TEARS! BOWLER
CELEBRATED HIS RETURN BY RUMMIN' 10,000
HEAD OF RUSTLED CATTLE OVER THE CLIFFS
IN A STAMPEDE OF DEATH!

FOLKS CAN'T SAY YOU'VE
GONE BACK TO RUSTLIN' AGAIN.
JOE! YOU CAN'T HELP IT IF
CATTLE CAN'T STAND THE
SOUNDS OF SHOOTIN' OR
THE SIGHT OF
TORCHES!

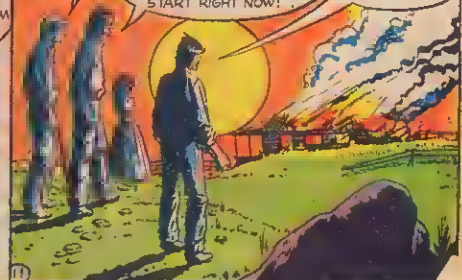
SURE, AN' IS
IT OUR FAULT,
IF THEIR BARN'S
AN' HOUSES
CATCH FIRE FROM
CRASHIN' OIL
LAMPS!

BANG!
BANG!

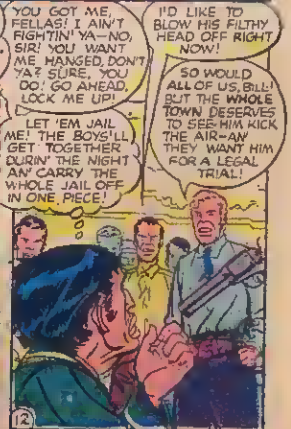
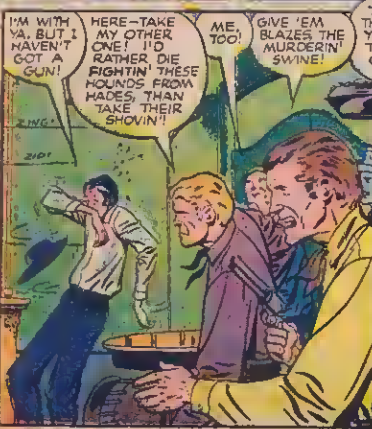
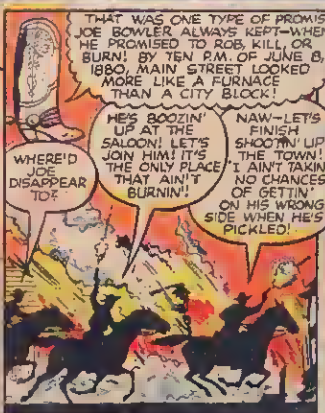
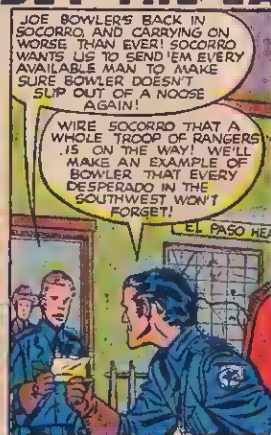
OURS AIN'T THE
ONLY RANCH, JEB!
THE WHOLE COUNTY'S
BURNIN' WITH THE
MADNESS OF
THAT HOUND,
BOWLER!

THAT'S NO COMFORT, DAD!
WE TRIED RUNNIN' BOWLER
OUT ONCE AND FAILED! WE
MUST MAKE SURE BOWLER
NEVER COMES BACK AGAIN!
WE MUST SEE HIM HANGED
AND BURIED WITH OUR
OWN EYES, RIGHT HERE IN
SOCORRO! I'M READY TO
START RIGHT NOW!

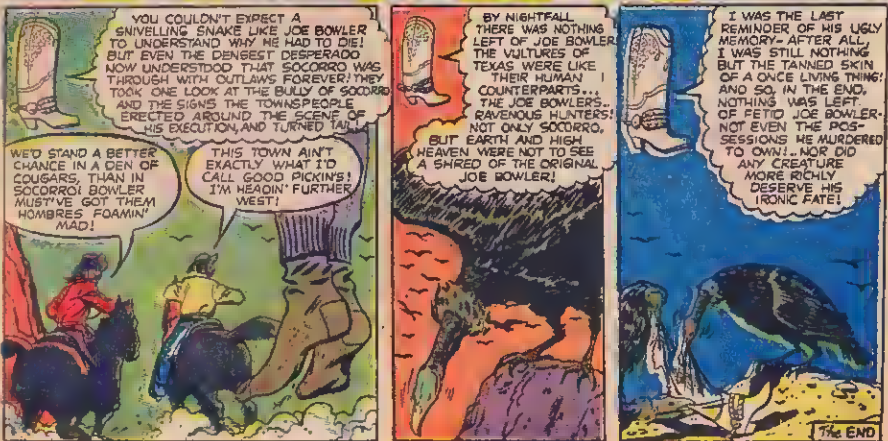
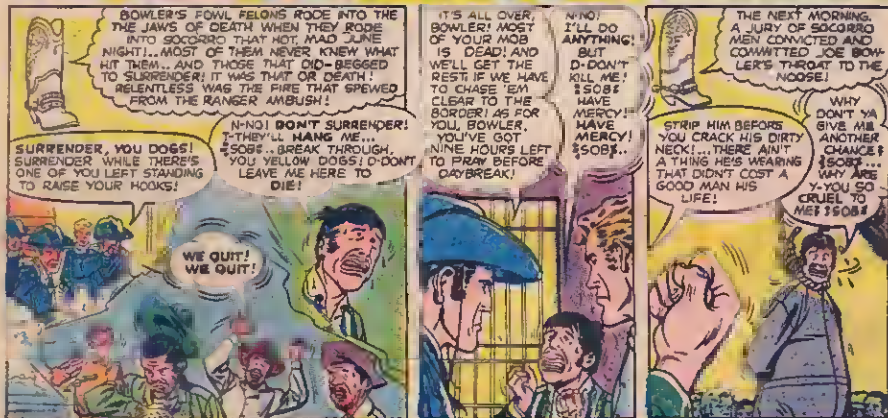
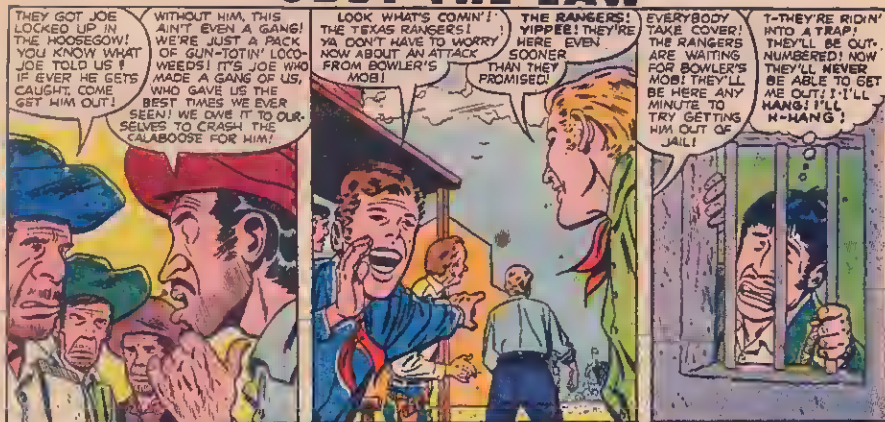
BUT DON'T TALK
OF IT IN TOWN!
THOSE LOCO
LICE MIGHT
GET WIND OF
OUR IDEAS AN'
WE'LL NEVER
LIVE TO SEE
SOCORRO FREED
OF THAT DEVIL!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

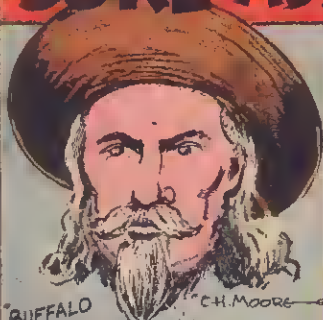


The END

OBEDIENT THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOORE



"BUFFALO
BILL"
CODY — AN EXPERT MARKSMAN,

WAS A CONSTANT WORRY TO HIS WIFE
— HE WOULD TARGET PRACTICE BY
SHOOTING COINS FROM THE HANDS
OF THEIR BABY BOY!



IN THE
MINERS'

SIT DOWN STRIKE IN 1877.

IN HIDDEN TREASURE GULCH GOLD MINE (DAKOTA TERRITORY)
THE MINERS HAD A WAGE DISPUTE WITH THE OWNER AND
DECIDED TO MOVE INTO THE MINE UNTIL THEIR DEMANDS
WERE MET! THEY WERE HEAVILY ARMED AND HAD ENOUGH
FOOD AND BEDDING TO STAY THERE FOR A LONG TIME!
SHERIFF BULLOCK WAS CALLED BY THE OWNER TO GET THE MEN
OUT OF THE MINE — WHICH HE DID SINGLE HANDED AND WITHOUT
A SHOT BEING FIRED — HE STARTED A BONFIRE AT THE
MINE ENTRANCE AND THREW A SAFETIDA INTO IT — THE
SMOKE AND SMELL SOON BROUGHT THE MEN OUT!



JACK SMYTHE — SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE PROSPECTING
FOR GOLD, BUT HE HAD BAD LUCK AND FINALLY GAVE UP!
HE BUILT A MUD HUT FROM CLAY TAKEN FROM AN ABANDONED
GOLD MINE AND LIVED IN IT IN POVERTY UNTIL HE DIED!
LATER HIS HUT CRUMBLLED AND FELL AND IN THE CLAY WAS
FOUND HIGH GRADE GOLD ORE! SMYTHE HAD LIVED

IN POVERTY IN A
HUT MADE OF GOLD,
BUT HE NEVER KNEW IT!

"SHORTY,"
A DWARF
BULL-WALKER,

ALWAYS
CLAIMED
THAT HE
WAS ONCE
A VERY
TALL MAN
AND THAT
HIS LEGS
WORE DOWN
FROM WALKING
SO MUCH!



Mr. Shorty is a dwarf
who was originally
infected by a hangover
party! Sheriff Shorty

"NECKTIE PARTY"
INVITATION!

SHERIFF FRANK WATTON
OF HOLBROOK, ARIZONA
SENT FORMAL INVITATIONS
TO HIS FRIENDS TO THE
HANGING OF A MURDERER
GEORGE SMILEY!

January 8, 1900



SAM DRATON,

of Deadwood,

WAS FREED OF A MURDER CHARGE
BECAUSE THE MAN HE WAS ACCUSED
OF KILLING HAD BEEN DEAD FOR
ELEVEN YEARS!

OBEY THE LAW

**A TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

SHERIFF TED TUCKER

HIS COURAGEOUS BATTLE AGAINST DESPERADOES HELPED
BRING LAW AND ORDER TO ARIZONA!

WHY? EARL, WILD BILL HICKOCK, BAT MASTERSON, PAT GARRETT AND A HOST OF OTHER SHERIFFS HELPED
CARVE A CIVILIZATION OUT
OF THE LAWLESSNESS AND VIOLENCE OF THE 1880'S! THESE MEN WERE
FEARLESS FIGHTERS, WHOSE
COURT WARNING TO LAWBREAKERS WAS, 'GET OUT OF TOWN, OR DIE!' THEY
HELPED POPULATE THE BOOT HILLS OF THE WEST WITH THE SCUM OF THE DESERTS! TO THIS LIST
ADD TED TUCKER, ANOTHER HONEST, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING LAWMAN OF THE OLD WEST!

HOLD IT, BOYS! BREAK IT UP
AND GO BACK TO YOUR WORK! DUSTY
RHODES IS MY PRISONER AND
HE'S GOING TO GET A FAIR
TRIAL! I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST
MAN WHO TRIES TO FORCE
HIS WAY, IN!

DUTTA
THE WAY,
TUCKER,
WE WANT
RHODES!

SMASH
IN THE
DOORS!

LET'S STRING
THE DIRTY
VARMINT TO
A TELEGRAPH
POLE!

TUCKER'S
BLUFFIN'-
HE WON'T
DARE
SHOOT!

WHAT'S HOLDIN'
YA UP IN FRONT?
C'MON, LET'S
RUSH HIM!

DRAWN BY FRED
GUARDNEER



CHARLESTON, ARIZONA TERRITORY, JAN. 1885!

LOOK, PAW,
IT'S OLD
MAN ANSON,
AND HE'S
HEADING FOR
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE!

YEAH, AND THAT'S
HIS FOREMAN SLUNG
OVER THE SADDLE,
DEAD AS A DOOR-
NAIL! LAST WEEK IT
WAS ANDY NEIL,
AND NOW IT'S RED
SMITH, TWO OF HIS
BEST HANDS!
SOMEONE IS
SURE OUT TO
GET ANSON!

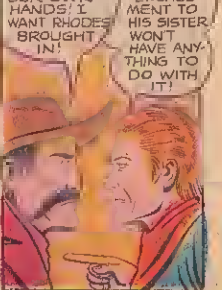
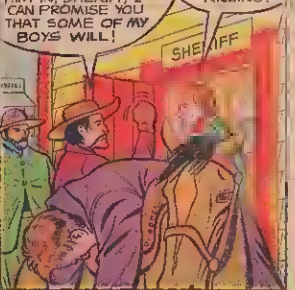
AND THAT
SOMEONE'S
DUSTY
RHODES! TWO YEARS
IN JAIL
DIDN'T
LEARN
HIM
NOTHIN'!
I SAY
STRING
HIM UP!

TWO \$5 SLUGS IN HIS
BACK! HE NEVER HAD
A CHANCE, SAME AS
ANDY, AND NEITHER
WILL THE REST OF
MY BOYS, TILL THAT
KILLER, RHODES, IS
CAUGHT! YOU KNOW,
HE SWORE TO GET
ME AT THE TRIAL AND
NOW THAT TWO OF MY
BOYS HAVE STORED HIS
LEAD, I WANT ACTION!
IF YOU DON'T BRING
FART IN, SHERIFF,
I CAN PROMISE YOU
THAT SOME OF MY
BOYS WILL!

NOW HOLD ON,
ANSON- AS
LONG AS I'M
SHERIFF HERE,
THERE'LL BE
NO VIOLENCE!
JUST BECAUSE
YOU AND
RHODES HATE
EACH OTHER,
IS NO REASON
TO THINK
HE'S DOIN'
THIS

IT'D BE REASON-
ENOUGH IF YOU
WASN'T IN LOVE
WITH HIS SISTER,
SHERIFF! YOU'D
BETTER START
SEPARATIN' THE
SHEEP FROM
THE WOLVES,
'CAUSE IF YOU
DON'T, SOME
OF US ARE
GONNA TAKE
THE LAW INTO
OUR OWN
HANDS! I
WANT RHODES
BROUGHT
IN!

I'LL BE
THE JUDGE
OF WHETHER
HE NEEDS
BRINGIN'
IN OR
NOT,
ANSON!
'MA RIDING
OUT TO SEE
HIM
THIS
EVENING-
AND MY
ENGAGE-
MENT TO
HIS SISTER
WON'T
HAVE ANY-
THING TO
DO WITH
IT!



OBEDY THE LAW

THE RHODES SPREAD IS JUST A FEW MILES AHEAD! I'LL MOSEY AROUND THROUGH THIS CANYON AND COME OUT THE BACK WAY! I MIGHT DRIFT INTO SOMETHING USEFUL, IF I WALK IN UNANNOUNCED!



HOLY MACKEREL! SOMEBODY WANTS TO GET THIS CASE CLOSED EVEN FASTER THAN I DO!



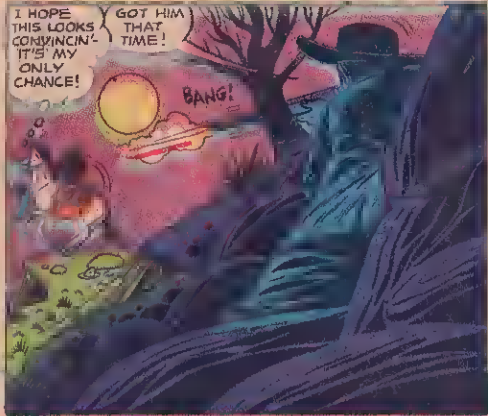
I'M TRAPPED! I CAN'T TURN BACK OR I'M A GONER FOR SURE...



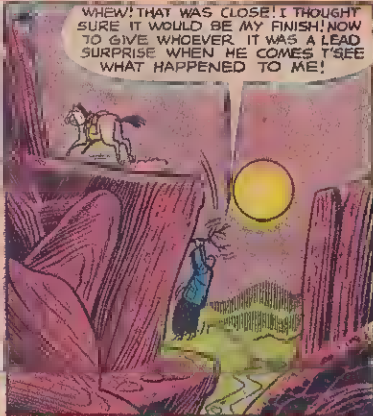
I HOPE THIS LOOKS CONVINCIN'! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

GOT HIM THAT TIME!

BANG!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I THOUGHT SURE IT WOULD BE MY FINISH! NOW TO GIVE WHOEVER IT WAS A LEAD SURPRISE WHEN HE COMES T'SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!



IF MY BULLET DIDN'T KILL HIM- THAT FALL DID!

HEY! WHAT THE...

BANG! BANG!



I FIRED TOO QUICK, DARN IT! NOW HE'S OUTTA RANGE!

ANG! BANG!



I MUST'VE WINGED HIM-THERE'S BLOOD HERE! AND HE BROKE A SPUR JUMPING OVER THE ROCKS! THAT'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING TO GO ON! I WONDER IF DUSTY'S BEEN HOME ALL EVENING- AND WHETHER HE STOPPED ANY LEAD LATELY?



OBEDIENT THE LAW

TED, DARLING! I'M SO GLAD YOU DROPPED BY TONIGHT! DUSTY'S BEEN GONE ALL DAY AND I'VE BEEN SO LONELY HERE ALL BY MYSELF!



DUSTY'S NOT HERE? DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE WENT, NORA?

HE WENT OUT BRANDING AND LOOKING FOR STRAYS. YOU KNOW HOW HARD HE'S BEEN WORKING SINCE HE CAME HOME! WE HAVE NO MONEY TO HIRE HANDS, SO DUSTY'S BEEN KILLING HIMSELF DOING ALL THE WORK! I HARDLY EVER SEE HIM ANYMORE, HE'S SO BUSY MAKING UP FOR THE TWO YEARS HE LOST ON THAT TRUMPED UP RUSTLING CHARGE!

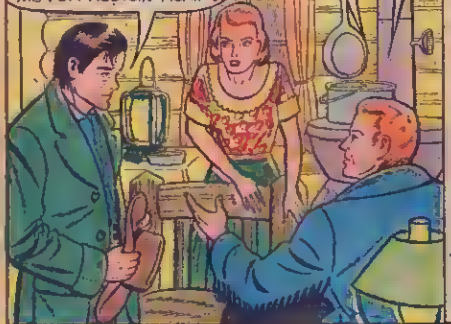


NORA, DO YOU STILL HOLD THAT AGAINST ME? HE WAS CAUGHT WITH A BRANDING IRON, STANDING OVER ANSON'S CATTLE. I HAD TO BRING HIM IN!

THAT'S WHAT ANSON SAID—BUT DUSTY NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT OUR CATTLE THAT WERE STOLEN! WE'VE BEEN LOSING THEM ALL ALONG—SOME ONE WANTS US OUT OF HERE, TED, AND YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! LISTEN... THAT'S DUSTY COMING NOW!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T ARIZONA'S GIFT TO THE RHODES FAMILY—SHERIFF TED TUCKER! IS THIS A SOCIAL CALL, OR DID YOU COME TO ARREST ME FOR RUSTLIN' AGAIN?



DUSTY! NEVER MIND, NORA!

THAT ALL DEPENDS, DUSTY!

IT DEPENDS ON WHETHER THAT'S A BULLET WOUND IN YOUR ARM OR NOT! SOMEONE TOOK POT SHOTS AT ME AND I WINGED HIM! IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU!

I SUPPOSE THAT PROVES I DID IT? SURE, THIS IS A BULLET WOUND! I SURPRISED A RUSTLER ON THE SOUTH RANGE TODAY AND HE CLIPPED ME! CAN YOU PROVE OTHERWISE?



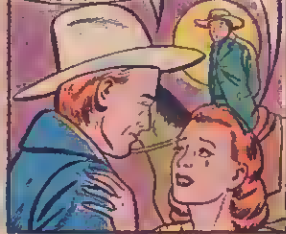
PROVING IS THE COURT'S JOB—FINDING IS MINE! DUSTY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER, AND ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! GET YOUR COAT AND COME ALONG!



TED, YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! DUSTY WOULDN'T TRY TO KILL YOU! HE JUST COULDN'T!

I'VE TRIED TO THINK SO—I'VE LEANED OVER BACKWARDS TO GIVE THE KID EVERY BREAK, BUT THE EVIDENCE IS TOO CONVINCING! IF I DIDN'T BRING HIM IN NOW, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, I WOULDN'T BE DOING MY DUTY, NORA! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU?

I ONLY UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'RE TAKING MY OWN BROTHER IN, AND HE'S INNOCENT! TED, IF HE GOES, WE'RE THROUGH! THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING LEFT!

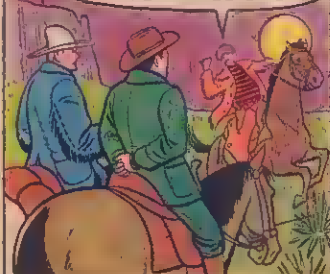


GIDDAP!



OBEDY THE LAW

TOM! WHAT'S UP?
SHERIFF ANSON'S BEEN WARNIN' UP A NECKTIE PARTY! HE CAME BACK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WITH A SLUG IN HIS SHOULDER! HE SAID HE WAS AMBUSHED BY RHODES AND IT WAS ABOUT TWO SOMEBODY HUNG HIM! THEY'RE ONLY ABOUT A MILE BACK NOW—MORE THAN 50 OF 'EM!



THERE THEY COME NOW! TUCKER, I'M INNOCENT—IF THEY GET ME, MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!



THEN GET MOVIN'—WE'LL LEAD 'EM THROUGH BOX CANYON AND BEAT THE MOB BACK TO TOWN!



IF WE GET INSIDE, MAYBE WE CAN STAND 'EM OFF!



YOU MEAN JUST THE TWO OF US, TED? THAT MOB WANTS A HANGIN'! IT'LL BE SUICIDE TO TRY T'STOP 'EM!



TOM, YOU GRAB ALL THE RIFLES YOU CAN, LOAD 'EM AND BARRICADE THE DOOR AND COVER ME THROUGH THE WINDOW—IF THE MAD FOOLS BREAK IN, GIVE RHODES A GUN, SO HE CAN DEFEND HIMSELF! I'LL TRY TO STOP THEM FROM OUT HERE.



BUT, SHERIFF—WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST ALL OF THEM—BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!



HOLD ON, BOYS! DON'T MAKE ANY FOOLISH MOVE! IF HE'S GUILTY, THE LAW WILL SETTLE IT LEGAL LIKE!



NEVER MIND THAT TALK! WHERE'VE YA GOT THAT MURDERIN' RAT HID?



YEAH—WE AIM T'TEACH THAT COYOTE HIS LESSON THIS TIME! HE GOT OFF EASY BEFORE!



HE'S IN MY OFFICE AND HE'S GOIN' TO STAY IN THERE! HE'S MY PRISONER! NOW AND YOU FELLAS AREN'T GOING TO GET HIM!



GET OUTTA THE WAY, OR YOU'LL GET IT, TOO!



YOU BOYS BETTER DISPERSE! GO ON HOME! GO BACK TO YOUR WORK! I'M HERE TO TAKE CARE OF THIS PRISONER AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



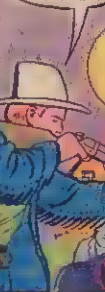
IS THAT SO? C'MON, LET'S SHOW HIM, BOYS!



STRING THE VARMINT TO A TELEGRAPH POLE!



I'M WARNIN' YOU AGAIN—DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE, OR I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TRIES TO FORCE HIS WAY IN!



HE'S BLUFFIN', BOYS! LET'S CALL HIS BUFF!



YEAH—GO ON! HOLDIN' YA UP IN FRONT! KILL THE SHERIFF AND THEN WE'LL GET RHODES!



OBEY THE LAW

GO AHEAD, KILL ME! IT OUGHT TO BE EASY, BUT I'LL DO A LITTLE KILLIN' MYSELF! YOU CAN GET ME, BUT THESE TWO BARRELS FULL OF BUCKSHOT SAY I'LL TAKE A FEW OF YOU ALONG WITH ME!

WE CAN KILL HIM! WE CAN'T MISS! IT'LL ONLY TAKE ONE SHOT!

.. BUT A DOUBLE CHARGE OF BUCKSHOT AT THIS RANGE MIGHT GET A HALF DOZEN OF US!

IT'S SURE DEATH!

WELL- WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

THERE'S NO SENSE GETTING KILLED FOR STRINGING UP THAT RAT! HE AIN'T WORTH IT!

COME ON, BOYS, WE'VE BEEN PRETTY STUPID! LET'S BREAK IT UP! THE LAW WILL HANG HIM, ANYHOW!



WHEW- THAT WAS CLOSE! YOU SURE TOLD 'EM OFF, SHERIFF! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOHIN' LIKE IT! NO, SIR!

GO DOWN TO THE CORRAL TOM, AND SEE IF JOHN CLEMENT CAN GET US A SPRING WAGON! I GUESS WE'LL TAKE DUSTY OVER TO TUCSON FOR SAFE KEEPING! YOU CAN NEVER TELL THEY MIGHT GET WORKED UP AGAIN!



HOLD STILL AN' KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT TILL I TELL YA T'YELL FOR THE SHERIFF TO COME IN! DO AS I SAY OR I'LL KILL YA!



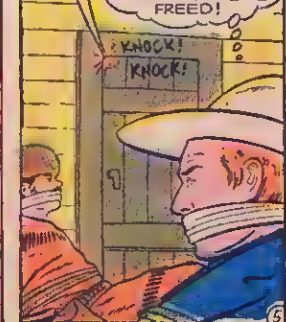
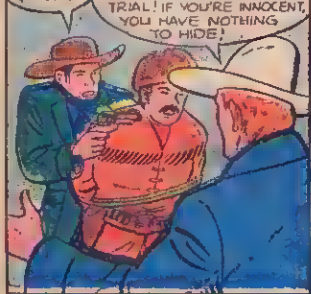
DROP YOUR GUN BELT, SHERIFF OR YOUR DEPUTY HERE GETS IT! DROP IT, I SAID- DROP IT, QUICK!

ALL RIGHT, I'M DROPPING IT, DUSTY, BUT YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET OUTTA TOWN! THAT MO'S JUST WAITIN' FOR A CHANCE TO PUT SOME LEAD INTO YOU! TAKE MY ADVICE AND STAND TRIAL! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

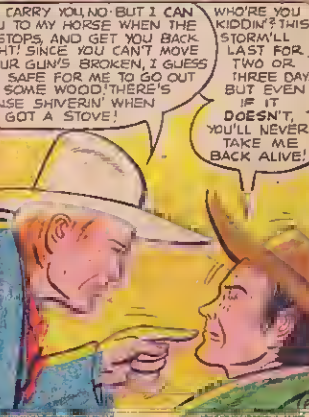
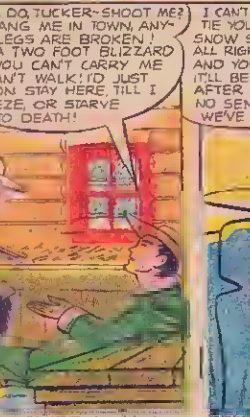
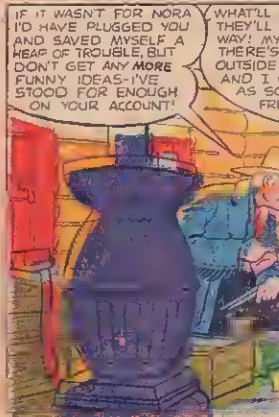
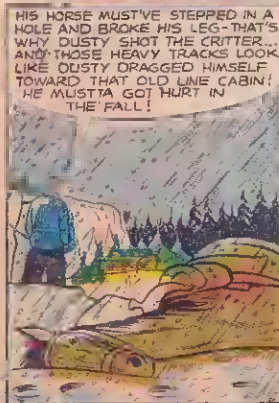
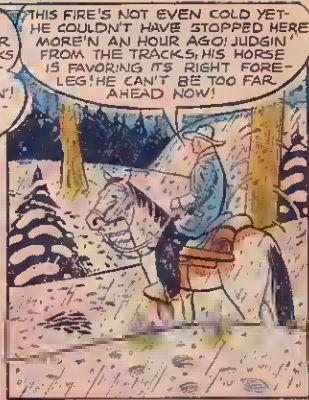
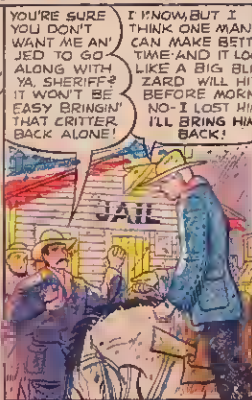
I DID THAT THE LAST TIME, REMEMBER? AND WHAT'D IT GET ME BUT TWO YEARS IN JAIL! THIS TOWN'S MADE UP IT'S MIND THAT I'M GUILTY AND A TRIAL'D MEAN A PINE BOX FOR ME! OH, NO, SHERIFF, I'M NOT STANDIN' TRIAL! NOW BOTH OF YA, GET INSIDE THERE!

HEY, SHERIFF ANYBODY HOME?

WHY DON'T THEY STOP THAT POUNDING AND FIND OUT WHY I DON'T ANSWER? AT THIS RATE, HE'LL BE MILES AWAY BY THE TIME WE'RE FREED!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



AS SOON AS I GET THIS FIRE STARTED, WE'LL HAVE SOME... MY EYES! MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!

MY GUN'S NO GOOD, BUT THE POWDER WAS! I CAN'T WALK AND YOU CAN'T SEE NOW, SHERIFF! ARE YA STILL GONNA TAKE ME IN T'B E HANGED?

WHY YOU MURDERIN' RATTLER! I OUGHTTA EMPTY MY GUN INTO YOUR FILTHY HIDE!

SURE, GO ON-SHOOT! BUT WITHOUT ME, YOU'LL DIE, TOO- YOU WON'T GET ONE MILE IN THESE HILLS, BLIND IN A SNOW STORM! RELAX, SHERIFF, MAYBE SOME-BODY WILL FIND US!



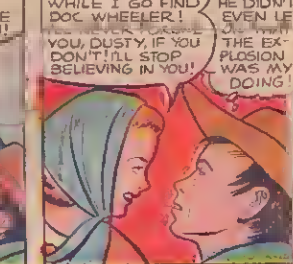
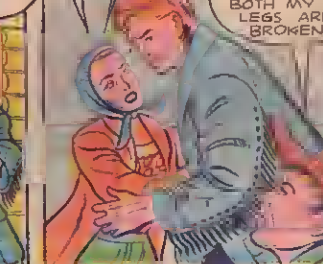
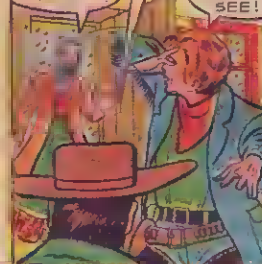
DUSTY, TED, DARLING, WHAT HAPPENED? WHEN I HEARD THAT DUSTY'D ESCAPED, I HAD A HUNCH HE'D HEAD FOR THIS OLD LINE CABIN! I FOUND HIS DEAD HORSE AND THEN I HEARD THE EXPLOSION! TED, YOUR EYES WHAT HAPPENED?

I'LL GO FOR THE DOCTOR, IN TOWN, TED- YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

DUSTY, YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP! I'LL GO TO CHARLESTON, BUT YOU RIDE IN WITH TED, SO WE WON'T WASTE ANY TIME! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!

YOU BROKE A LEG WHEN YOU WERE OUT HUNTING ALONE WHEN YOU WERE ONLY 12, AND YOU RODE BACK- YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN, DUSTY! I'LL HELP YOU MOUNT! YOU AND TED RIDE HIS HORSE TOGETHER, WHILE I GO FIND DOC WHEELER!

OKAY, SIS, I'LL TRY IT! GIMME A HAND! MAYBE I HAD TED FIGURED ALL WRONG! HE DIDN'T EVEN LET ME KNOW!

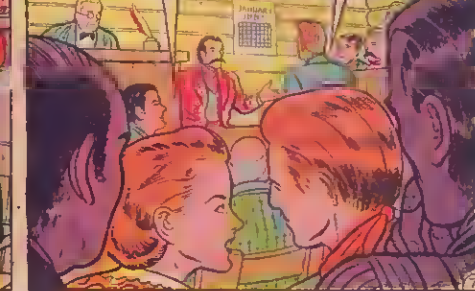
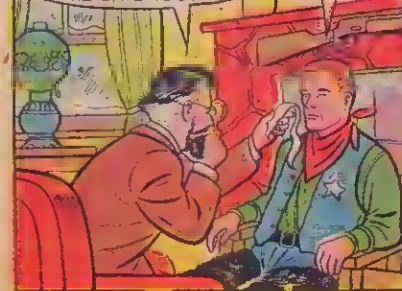


A WEEK LATER! IT LOOKS LIKE THESE BANDAGES ARE COMING OFF JUST IN TIME, SHERIFF! THAT RHODES BOY'S TRIAL STARTS TODAY! MORE'N LIKELY YOU'LL WANT TO SEE HIS NECKTIE PARTY WITH YOUR OWN EYES, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE HE GAVE YOU!

THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I'LL BE NEEDIN' MY EYES FOR TODAY, DOC! I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THEM BEIN' ALL OKAY!

TED, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THOSE LIES ANSON IS TELLIN' SEEM TO HAVE THE JURY CONVINCED- AND THEY WERE AGAINST DUSTY FROM THE START, ANYWAY! ANSON'S TOO SURE OF HIMSELF!

EASY, DARLING, IT'S NOT OVER, YET! I'VE GOT TO ACE UP MY SLEEVE THAT MIGHT PROVE ANSON TO BE THE KILLER!

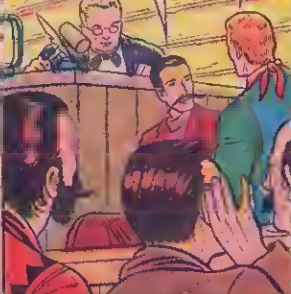


SEE HERE, SHERIFF, WHAT'S ALL THIS RUMPLUS ABOUT? YOU'RE NOT THE JUDGE!

NO, BUT I'M JUST AS INTERESTED IN THE TRUTH! I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK OF SOMETHING! MIND TELLIN' THE COURT WHAT YOU DID WHEN YOU RODE OUTTA TOWN THE DAY YOU BROUGHT IN RED SMITH'S BODY?

I DUNNO WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND, SHERIFF, BUT I WAS JUST OUT FOR A LITTLE RIDE! I NEEDED COOLIN' OFF. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOTS, WILL YOU?



I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU WERE OUT TAKING A RIDE, WHEN I WAS AMBUSHED BY SOMEONE WHO BROKE HIS SPUR, RUNNIN' OVER THE ROCKS! THIS PIECE MATCHES YOUR BROKEN SPUR, ANSON! YOU TRIED TO AMBUSH ME! YOU CAME BACK TO TOWN AND SAID IT WAS

SLUG IN YOUR SHOULDER BUT THIS PROVES IT WAS ME!

ALSO, I'VE GOT PRETTY GOOD INFORMATION THAT YOU'VE BEEN BUYING RUSTED CATTLE! THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET RID OF RHODES, SO YOU COULD TAKE OVER HIS PLACE! AN' I HAVE A HUNCH THAT'S WHY YOUR TWO HANDS WERE

THEM, BECAUSE THEY KNEW TOO MUCH!

DO YOU FIGURE ON MAKIN' AN ARREST, OR DO I LAUGH IN YOUR FACE AND CALL YOU A LIAR, 'CAUSE YOU'RE TUCKER ON RHODES' SISTER!

TOM, JED, YOU BOYS KEEP ORDER WHILE I SHOW MR. ANSON HOW I'M GONNA PROVE MY POINT! I DON'T LIKE BEIN' CALLED A LIAR!

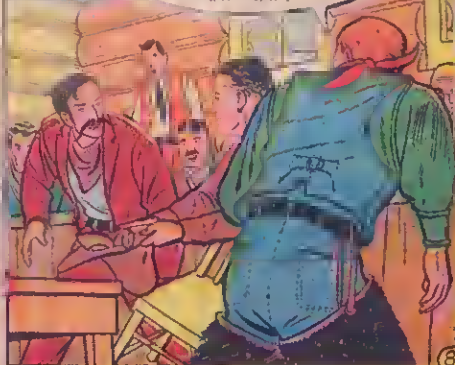
SURE, GO AHEAD, SHERIFF!



JUDGE, TAKE ANY TWO SIXGUNS AND EMPTY THEM OF CARTRIDGES, LEAVIN' JUST ONE SHELL IN ONE OF THE GUNS! PUT 'EM IN A HAT AND ANSON AND I'LL DRAW FOR THE GUNS!



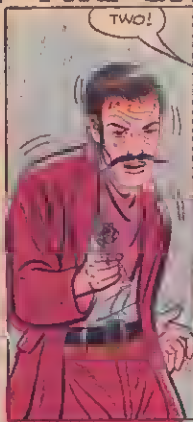
GO AHEAD, MR. ANSON, TAKE ONE! WE FIRE AT THE COUNT OF THREE! YOU HAVE THE SAME CHANCE I DO THAT WAY!



OBEDY THE LAW



ONE!



TWO!



STOP! DON'T SHOOT- I'LL TALK!

GRAB HIM, BOYS! I RECKON WE'VE GOT OUR ANSWER!

AND HE HAD THE LOADED GUN, TOO! BUT A CRIMINAL NEVER HAS THE NERVE TO FACE A SHOW DOWN, BECAUSE HE KNOWS HE'S LYING!

THAT TOOK NERVE, SHERIFF- JUST LIKE STOPPING THAT WILD MOB A FEW DAYS BACK!

I'M ARRESTING YOU, ANSON, FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A PEACE OFFICER! THAT'LL DO AS A STARTER- THERE'LL BE OTHER COUNTS OF HOMICIDE PILIN' UP!

YOU'RE JUST A MITE TOO LATE, ANSON!



YOU NOSEY IDIOT, TUCKER, VA JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!



BANG BANG



I'M CASHIN' IN... YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING, SHERIFF... NEVER COULD FOOL YOU! I WANTED S'COUGH'S THE RHODES SPREAD TO HIDE MY RUSTLED STEERS IN S'COUGH'S I TRIED TO FRAME 'EM- DID IT ONCE S'COUGH'S

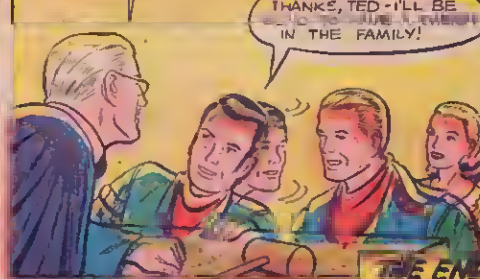
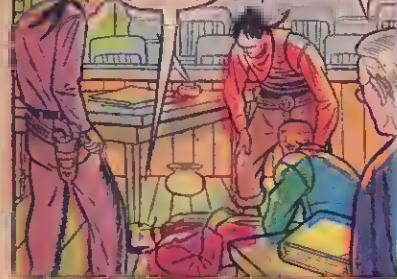
HE'S GONE! WE SURE WOULD'VE MADE A BAD MISTAKE, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, SHERIFF!

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, TUCKER, THIS TOWN'S GOT REASON TO BE RIGHT PROUD OF YOU!

AFTER HEARING THE DYING MAN'S STATEMENT, I FIND YOU, DUSTY RHODES, INNOCENT OF THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU! CASE DISMISSED!

THANK YOU, JUDGE PARRIS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE TODAY HAS MADE ME SEE THE POWER OF THE LAW- THAT SOMETIMES IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE TIME, BUT IN THE END IT'S BOUND TO WIN OUT, ESPECIALLY WITH MEN LIKE TED TUCKER UPHOLDIN' IT!

THANKS, TED - I'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE A TUCKER IN THE FAMILY!



THE END

Genuine TORCAN

ELECTRIC MOTOR



You can use this husky practical motor in dozens of ways. Hook it up to small lathes, mechanical toys, saws or buffing wheels. Make your own phonograph turntable, rig up a drink mixer for milk shakes. It's one of the handiest, most practical motors to come on the market in years.

Comes to you all ready to plug in and use. Nothing to assemble; no trouble or bother. Just plug it in, turn switch and watch it hum. This precision engineered induction motor develops 1/25 horsepower. Turns with full load at 1500 r.p.m.'s; without load at 1750 r.p.m.'s.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Finished in black wrinkle paint, complete with switch, step-down pulley, mounting brackets and a six foot cord and plug. Motor has self-oiling bearings and will run without further oiling for its full lifetime. It is abso-

lutely silent in operation and will cause no radio interference.

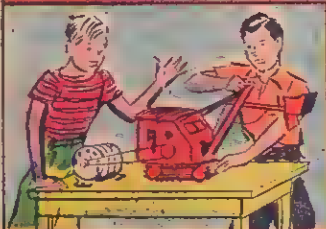
Operates on 60 cycle current at 110-120 volts. Put it to work in any home that has AC current. It is strong, sturdy, dependable. Fun to own and operate.

WHAT THIS MOTOR WILL DO

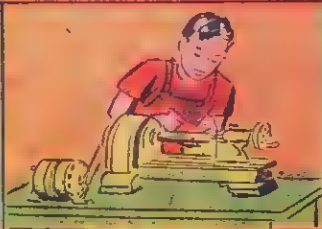
There are thousands of uses for this motor in and around your home workshop, your kitchen or playroom. Use it to operate small bandsaws, buffing wheels, lathes or electric fans. Hook it up to mechanical toys, milk-shake, drink mixers or beaters. Will run winders for knitting wool, small bobbins for weaving, phonograph or other turntables. Wherever you want smooth, steady power, this motor will supply it.

It is not for sale in stores. Cannot be purchased anywhere else in the United States. We send it to you for only \$5.95 postpaid. Cut out the coupon, fill in your name and address and send your order today. This genuine Torcan motor—a husky, practical, helpful, electric motor that you will use for years—will come right to your home. Get your coupon in the mail—now.

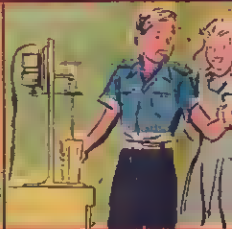
MECHANICAL TOYS



SMALL LATHES

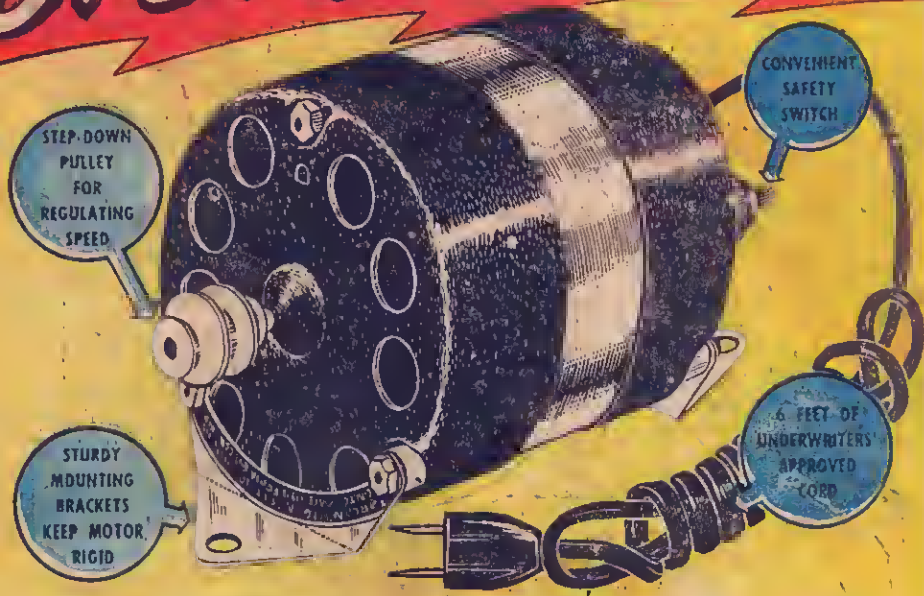


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MOTOR Only \$5⁹⁵



NOW you can get the kind of electric motor you have always needed and wanted. This is the kind of bargain you may never see again. So send now. Use this Coupon. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order.

GET YOUR MOTOR NOW!
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Don't be disappointed. Don't delay. This motor at \$5.95 is a bargain that may not last. Now, while you can still get it at this low price, let us send it to you. Use the coupon; be sure to fill in correct name and address. And get the coupon in the mail—right away.

PHONOGRAPH TURNTABLE

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American Torcan Motors
 63-T Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$ _____

Torcan Electric Motors @ \$5.95 each. Please rush to me at once.

Name _____

Address _____

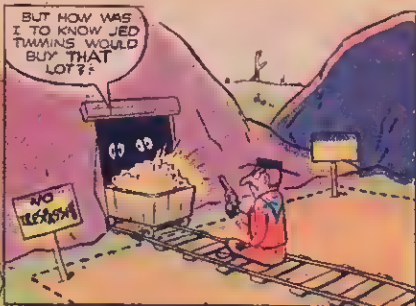
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please print name and address clearly)

WEST JESTERS

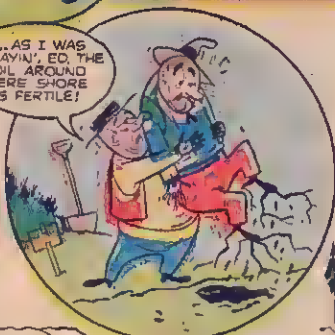
DANG IT, LUKE...
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE GONNA
FIX THE ZIPPER
ON THIS HERE
SLEEPIN'
BAG!

BUT HOW WAS
I TO KNOW JED
TIMMINS WOULD
BUY THAT
LOT??



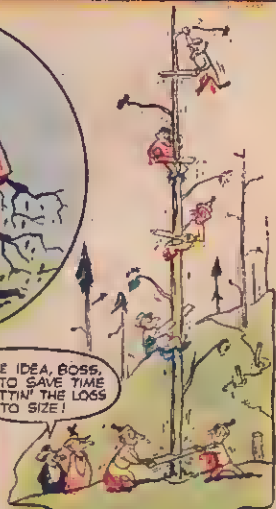
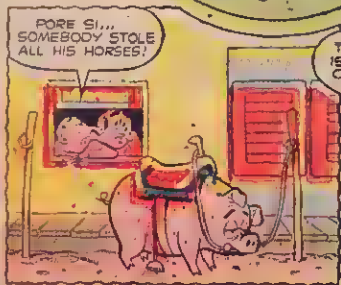
DON'T DIG DOWN
TOO FAR, AXEL, WE
ONLY NEED A
FEW FEET!

...AS I WAS
SAYIN', ED, THE
SOIL AROUND
HERE SHORE
IS FERTILE!

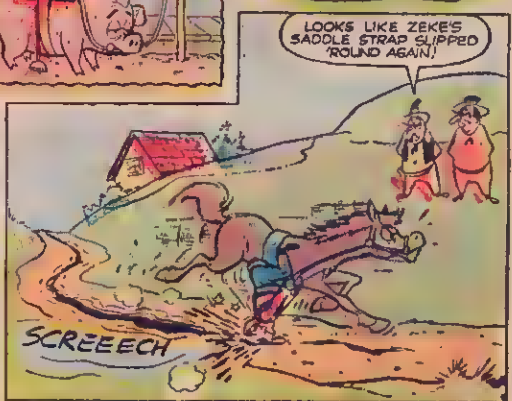


PORE SI!!!
SOMEBODY STOLE
ALL HIS HORSES!

THE IDEA, BOSS,
IS TO SAVE TIME
CUTTIN' THE LOSS
TO SIZE!



LOOKS LIKE ZEKE'S
SADDLE STRAP SLIPPED
ROUND AGAIN!

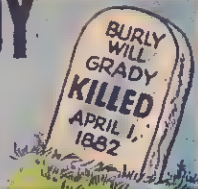


OBEY THE LAW



BURLY WILL GRADY AND HIS GANG OF RUTHLESS RUSTLERS.

FOR EVERY HEAD OF CATTLE HE STOLE,
HE LEFT A CORPSE IN PAYMENT!



IN THE
EARLY
1880'S,
MANY OF
ARIZONA'S
RANCHES
WERE
BEING
RUSTLED,
AND
HONEST,
HARD-
RIDING
COWBOYS
WERE
LOSING
THEIR
LIVES
IN THE
DEFENSE
OF THEIR
RIGHTFUL
PROPERTY.

SPIT LEAD, BOYS! IF ANY OF
'EM ESCAPES, YOU'LL ANSWER TO
ME! I WANT DEAD WITNESSES
ONLY!



IT WAS
GENERALLY
KNOWN
WHO WAS
BEHIND
THAT
LAWLESS-
NESS-
BURLY
WILL, THE
MOST
NOTORIOUS
OUTLAW
IN THAT
REGION'S
HISTORY!

BURLY WILL, SO CALLED FOR HIS CRUDE, ROUGH MANNER, WAS A MEDIEVAL ROBBER BARON IN THE BLUE FLANNEL SHIRT AND WHITE SOMBRERO OF A COWBOY... HE RODE AT TIMES WITH THIRTY OR FORTY MEN AT HIS BACK, BUT HE COULD GATHER A HUNDRED WHEN OCCASION DEMANDED... ALL THE OUTLAWS OF THE ARIZONA TERRITORY, OWNED SOME SORT OF ALLEGIANCE TO HIM. BUT ALONG WITH BEING A CHEAP HORSE THIEF BURLY WILL ALSO KNEW HOW TO SPREAD DEATH AND TERROR, TILL THE VERY HILLS SHOOK WITH THE BLASTS OF HIS RAIDS!

IN THE 1880'S, MILLIONS OF LONGHORN CATTLE PASTURED HALF-WILD ON THE VAST RANGES OF THE BORDERS OF SOUTHERN TEXAS AND ARIZONA... SOME OF THOSE WEALTHY RANCHERS COULD NOT ESTIMATE THE NUMBERS OF THEIR HERDS WITHIN A THOUSAND HEAD! RICH QUARRY, INDEED, FOR BURLY WILL AND HIS MEN WHO, STALKING ACROSS THE PLAINS, POUNDED UP CATTLE FROM THE FOOTHILLS AND BROUGHT THEM BACK IN A RUSHING STAMPEDE-SOMETIMES A THOUSAND HEAD IN A SINGLE, BLOODY SWOOP....

THAT'S THE JAWSON HERD, ALL RIGHT, BURLY WILL-AINT NO DOUBT OF IT! I'LL RIDE BACK TO SKELETON CANYON AND GET THE BOYS READY! THERE OUGHTTA BE ENOUGH SILVER IN THIS MAUL TO KEEP US ALL DRUNK FOR A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!

OKAY, LAWTON, BUT REMEMBER-HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL I PLUG THE LAST TWO TRAIL POKES, THEN POUR IT INTO 'EM! I WANT 'EM ALL KILLED-DEAD MEN DON'T CARRY TALES, SANNY?

HELLO!
HELLO, THERE!



OBEY THE LAW

HOWDY!
WHATCHA
WEARIN'
THE MASK
FOR? YOU
AIN'T
BANDITS,
ARE
YOU?

OH, NO! BUT WE GOTTA
WATCH OUR STEP!
PARDON THE RIFLE - I
THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE
YOU WAS - WELL, YOU
KNOW A MAN CAN'T BE TOO
CAREFUL WHEN HE'S DRIVIN'
A HERD THROUGH THOSE
WILD TRAILS! I'VE NEVER MET
NO TROUBLE YET, BUT I'VE BEEN
TOLD THAT THAT BUREEN!
COYOTE-BURLY WILL'S BEEN
SEEN HEREABOUTS, AN' IF HE
THINKS WE'RE HIS KIND, HE MAY



BURLY WILL! THAT'S
A LAUGH ON YOU!
NO, PARDNER, WHAT
FEW PEOPLE THERE
ARE OVER IN
THESE HILLS ARE
ALL RIGHT! JUST
PLAIN, HONEST
PLAIN, TRYING
TO MAKE A
LIVING AND
BRING UP THEIR
KIDS! IF YOU'RE
CURIOUS ABOUT
ME, I'M JUST OUT
LOOKIN' FOR STRAY
CATTLE! MY OUTFIT'S
UP THAT WAY -
YOU'LL PASS IT
GOIN' NORTH!



I'M RIGHT
GLAD TO
HEAR THAT,
BECAUSE
MY BOYS
CAN SURE
USE SOME
FRESH WATER!
WE'VE BEEN
TWO WEEKS
DRIVIN' NOW,
AND AT-LEAST
ANOTHER IN
THE SADDLE
REACH
TUCSON!

AH, TUCSON!
THAT'S ONE
GOOD TOWN!
PLENTY OF
PRETTY GALS
AN' LOTS OF
GOOD, HARD
LIQUOR! YOU
AND THOSE
HOMBRES OF
YOURS! WILL
HAVE ONE
HIGH OLD
TIME EH

WELL, A MAN NEEDS
A LITTLE FUN AFTER
A DIRTY JOB LIKE
THIS! SAY, MAYBE
YOU'D CARE TO
RIDE WITH US
FOR A LITTLE
WAYS! I'D BE MUCH
OBLIGED IF YOU'D
SHOW US THE
SHORT CUT THROUGH
THOSE HILLS!
SOME RANCHER
ABOUT NINETY



THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO!
THAT'S SKELETON CANYON
UP AHEAD! RIDE 'EM
RIGHT ON THROUGH! I'LL
SAVE YA A LEAST A
DAY'S TREKIN' ADIOS!



SO LONG
AND
THANKS
AGAIN,
STRANGER!



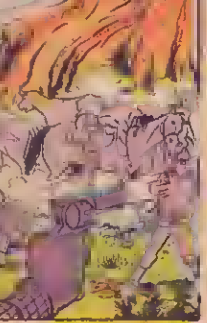
THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM!
EVERYONE ELSE IS IN
THE CANYON! NOW I'LL
GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR
MY BOYS TO MOVE
IN!



THAT'S THE SIGNAL! GIVE IT TO
'EM, BOYS, AND REMEMBER-IF
ANYONE GETS AWAY, YOU'LL
ANSWER TO BURLY WILL
AND ME!



SPLIT IT
TO 'EM!



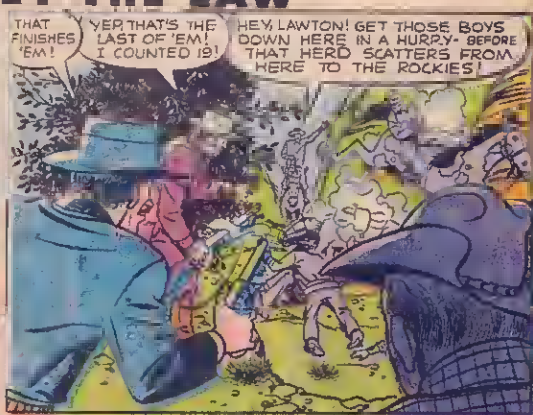
MAKE FOR THE
FAR PASS! IT'S
OUR ONLY CH...



OBEDIENT THE LAW



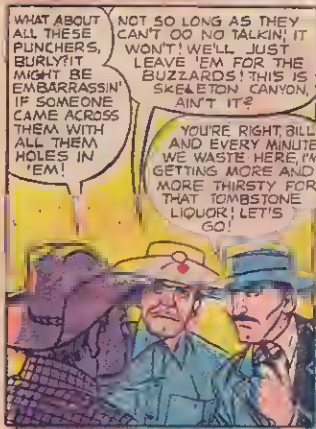
NO EXIT THIS WAY, PAL! 'KEPTIN' UP THE LEAD TRAIL- FEET FIRST!



THAT FINISHES 'EM!

YEP THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM! I COUNTED 19!

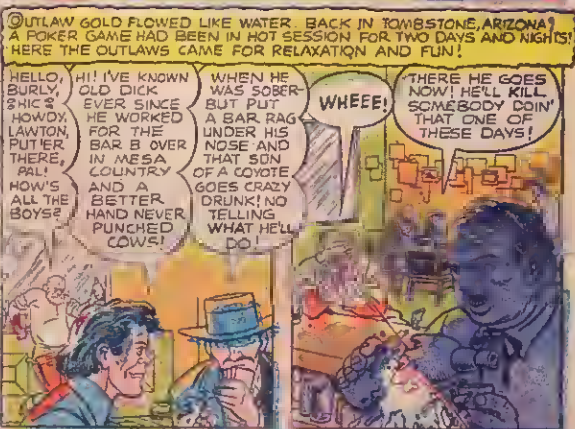
HEY, LAWTON! GET THOSE BOYS DOWN HERE IN A HURRY- BEFORE THAT HERD SCATTERS FROM HERE TO THE ROCKIES!



WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE PUNCHERS, BURLY? IT MIGHT BE EMBARRASSIN' IF SOMEONE CAME ACROSS THEM WITH ALL THEM HOLES IN 'EM!

NOT SO LONG AS THEY CAN'T DO NO TALKIN! IT WON'T BE 'EM! JUST LEAVE 'EM FOR THE BUZZARDS! THIS IS SKELETON CANYON, AIN'T IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT BILL, AND EVERY MINUTE WE WASTE HERE, I'M GETTING MORE AND MORE THIRSTY FOR THAT TOMBSTONE LIQUOR! LET'S GO!



OUTLAW GOLD FLOWED LIKE WATER. BACK IN TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, A POKER GAME HAD BEEN IN HOT SESSION FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS! HERE THE OUTLAWS CAME FOR RELAXATION AND FUN!

HELLO, BURLY, SHIC'S HOWDY, LAWTON, PUTTER THERE, PAL! HOW'S ALL THE BOYS?

HI! I'VE KNOWN OLD DICK EVER SINCE HE WORKED FOR THE BAR B OVER IN MESA COUNTRY AND A BETTER HAND NEVER PUNCHED COWS!

WHEN HE WAS SOBER- BUT PUT A BAR RAG UNDER HIS NOSE AND THAT SON OF A COYOTE GOES CRAZY DRUNK! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO!

WHEEE!

THERE HE GOES NOW! HE'LL KILL SOMEBODY DOIN' THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS!



NOW THAT DRUNKEN HYENA'S HEADED OUTSIDE- MORE LIKELY HE'LL SHOOT UP THE WHOLE TOWN BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!

WE OUGHTA PUT SOME HOLES IN YA OURSELVES! IT GETS ME WHAT THAT REPTILE WILL DO AS SOON AS HE GETS SOME ROTGUT IN HIM!



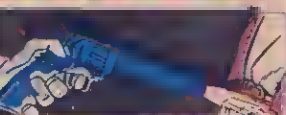
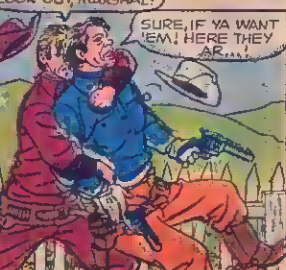
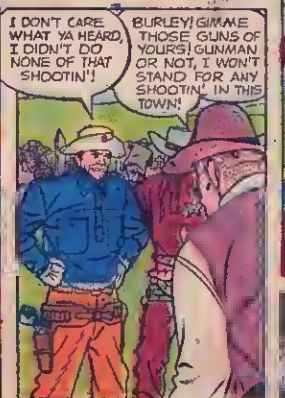
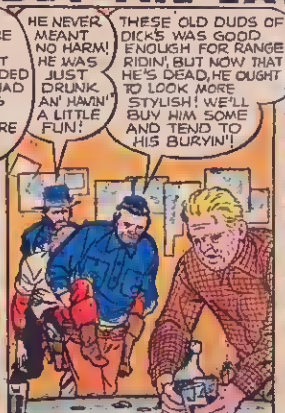
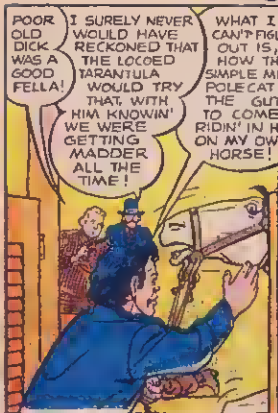
YAHOO! SHUCKS SHIC'S ALL THEM VARMINTS HAVE DUCKED OUTTA SIGHT! SHIC'S AIN'T NO SENSE IN SHOOTIN' WITHOUT NO ONE A WATCHIN' SHIC'S. I KNOW- THAT'S BURLY'S HORSE! I'LL JUST RIDE 'IM INTO THE SALOON SHIC'S.. WHATTA JOKE THAT'LL BE SHIC'S



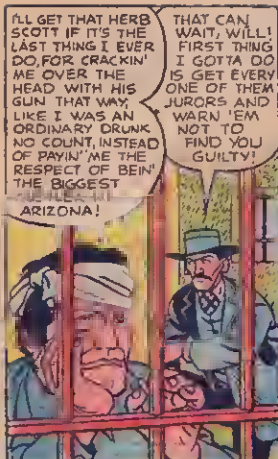
HEY! LOOKA ME, I'M BURLY WIL...

THE DRUNKEN SOT'S GOT MY HORSE! PLUG YA!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



I'LL GET THAT HERB SCOTT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO, FOR CRACKIN' ME OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS GUN THAT WAY, LIKE I WAS AN ORDINARY DRUNK NO COUNT, INSTEAD OF PAYIN' ME THE RESPECT OF BEIN' THE BIGGEST KILLER IN ARIZONA!

THAT CAN WAIT, WILL! FIRST THING I GOTTA DO IS GET EVERY ONE OF THEM JURORS AND WARN 'EM NOT TO FIND YOU GUILTY!

AND SO, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, MY CLIENT, BURLY WILL, HAS TESTIFIED THAT MARSHAL WHITE HAD CAUSED HIS OWN DEATH BY THE VIOLENCE WITH WHICH HE SEIZED THE GUN, CAUSING IT TO GO OFF! YOU HAVE HEARD SCOTT ADMIT UNDER QUESTIONING, THAT HE THOUGHT THAT THE SHOOTING COULD HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL AND YOU NO DOUBT HAVE GAINED EXPERIENCE YOURSELVES WITH HAIR TRIGGER GUNS! ONE LOOK AT MY CLIENT'S INNOCENT EYES—

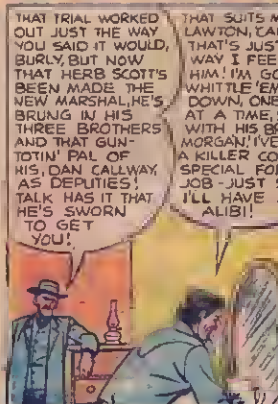
—HIS HONEST FACE—

—SHOULD CONVINCE YOU THAT HE COULDN'T BE GUILTY!

WHATTA SAPH LAWYER IS! HE BELIEVED ALL THOSE LIES I TOLD HIM! THIS IS GONNA BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT.

BEFORE DISMISSING THE PRISONER, I WISH TO ADMONISH THE JURY FOR WHAT I THINK IS THE GREATEST MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE TO EVER DISGRACE A COURT OF LAW!

THE PRISONER IS ACQUITTED!



THAT TRIAL WORKED OUT JUST THE WAY YOU SAID IT WOULD, BURLY, BUT NOW THAT HERB SCOTT'S BEEN MADE THE NEW MARSHAL, HE'S BRUNG IN HIS THREE BROTHERS AND THAT GUN TOTIN' PAL OF HIS, DAN CALLAWAY, AS DEPUTIES! TALK HAS IT THAT HE'S SWORN TO GET YOU!

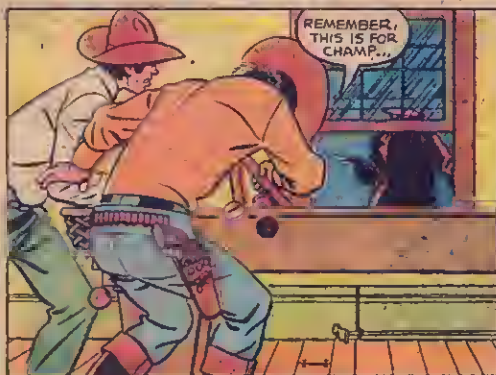
THAT SUITS ME FINE, LAWTON, CAUSE THAT'S JUST THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT HIM! I'M GONNA WHITTLE 'EM DOWN, ONE SCOTT AT A TIME, STARTIN' WITH HIS BROTHER, MORGAN! I'VE GOT A KILLER COMIN' SPECIAL FOR THE JOB—JUST SO'S I'LL HAVE AN ALIBI!

THAT'S MORGAN SCOTT GOIN' IN NOW!

OKAY, BURLY, YOU JUST MOSY ON DOWN TO THE SALOON, SO YOU'LL BE THERE WHEN THE SHOOTIN' STARTS! I'LL WAIT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE I PLUG HIM!

YOU'VE BEEN BOASTIN' FOR A LONG TIME THAT YA COULD BEAT ME PLAYIN' POOL, BOB! HOW ABOUT A GAME NOW? AND IF I WIN, I NEVER WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER PEEP OUTTA YA, OKAY?

SURE, MORGAN—I'LL GO YA ONCE! WIN OR LOSE! COME ON!



REMEMBER, THIS IS FOR CHAMP...

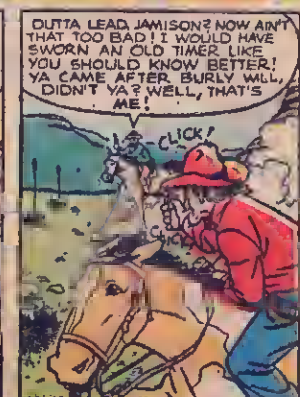
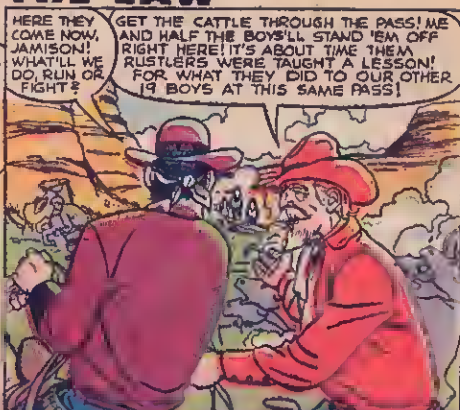
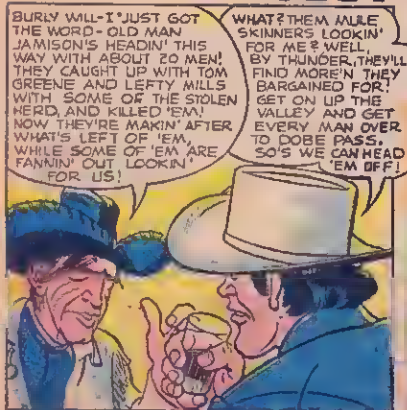
ONE A WEEK—THAT'S MAY NOT TO CHARLIE! I WANT YA TO KILL ONE OF THEM SCOTT BROTHERS EVERY WEEK, TILL THERE AIN'T NO MORE—EXCEPT HERB. I WANNA KILL HIM MYSELF! WE'LL DRINK TO THAT!

SURE—I'LL DRINK TO THAT, BUT IF I HAPPEN TO GET HERB BY ACCIDENT, YA WON'T GET SORE, WILL YA?

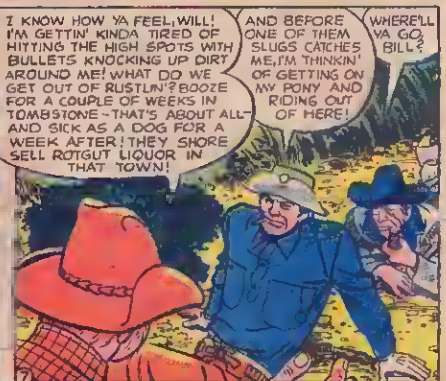
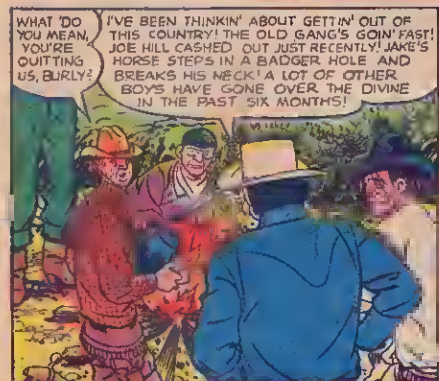
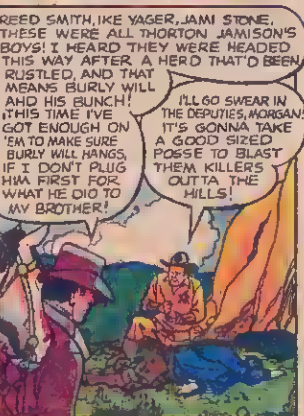
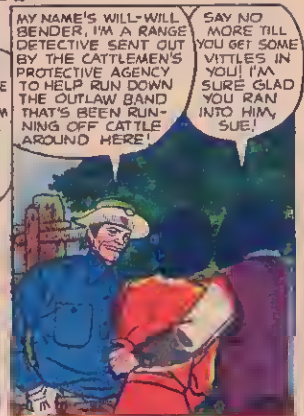
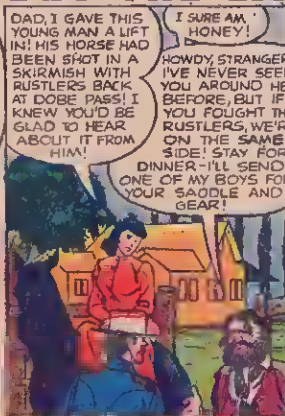
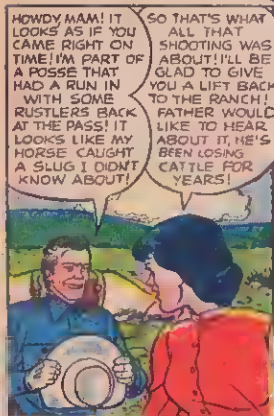
HEY, WILL, MILT HICKS IS BURNIN' LEATHER, MIGHTY FAST! MAYBE SOMETHIN'S WRONG!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE! DOWN THE BORDER AWAYS! I MET A GAL DOWN THERE AND HER DAD OWNS MORE COWS THAN THERE ARE IN ALL ARIZONA! BURLY I SAYS TO MYSELF, WHEN I SIZES UP THE LAYOUT, THIS IS JUST THE PLACE FOR AN OLD RUSTLER LIKE YOURSELF! SO I'M HEADING BACK AND GONNA HOOK UP WITH THAT GAL! AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN CASHES IN, WHICH HE WILL WITH MY HELP, SHE GETS ALL THE COWS! AND WHAT'S HERS, WILL BE MINE!



SAY, BURLY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YA MET HERE SCOTT?



KILL HIM! HE BENT A GUN OVER MY HEAD ONCE AND I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO GET EVEN EVER SINCE! WHY?

WELL, YOU'VE GOT YOUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN RIGHT NOW, BOSS, HERE COMES SCOTT WITH A POSSE BEHIND HIM! RIGHT OUT YONDER RIDIN' STRAIGHT FOR THIS HERE SPOT!



WHAT?

BURLY WILL! YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE UNDER ARREST! IF YOU GIVE UP, I PROMISE YOU A FAIR TRIAL! IF NOT, I'M GIVIN' THE POSSE ORDERS TO SHOOT TO KILL!



GO TO BLAZES! IF YA WANT ME, COME AND GET ME!

HERE THEY COME, BOYS! POUR IT INTO 'EM! THIS IS THE CHANCE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!



THAT ONE'S FOR MY BROTHER! YOU AMBUSHIN' SNAKE!

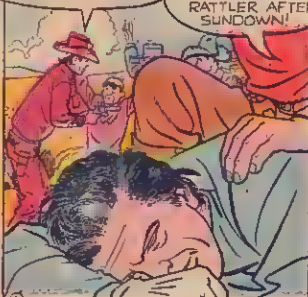
THEY GOT BURLY WILL!

HOLD YER FIRE, MARSHAL! WE GIVE UP!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU, AND GET ON YOUR FEET! YOU'RE THROUGH RUSTLIN' AND MURDERIN' HONEST RANCHERS!

LOOKS LIKE SOME OF 'EM HAVE NO NEED FOR A TRIAL, MARSHAL! BURLY WILL'S DEADDERIN' A RATTLER AFTER SUNDOWN!



HERE LIES A RUTLER AND A MURDERER - BURLY WILL GRADY BORN SEPT 21, 1855 DIED APRIL 1, 1882



The End

OBEDIENT THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOORE



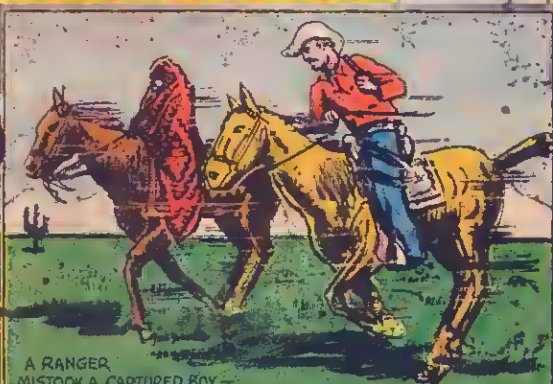
A
PEACH

OF A TIME!

SLIM BRADOCK WAS THROWN IN JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR MURDER IN Cuervo, Texas - THE DAY HE WAS PLACED IN A CELL HE ATE A PEACH AND THREW THE PIT OUT OF THE CELL WINDOW - IT TOOK ROOT, GREW INTO A TREE AND SLIM WAS ABLE TO REACH OUT THRU THE BARS AND PICK PEACHES FROM THE TREE WHILE HE WAS STILL WAITING FOR A TRIAL!

THE JUDGE HAD BEEN FORCED TO POSTPONE HIS TRIAL SIX TIMES!

PS. HE WAS FINALLY TRIED, FOUND GUILTY AND HANGED!



A RANGER MISTOOK A CAPTURED BOY - TIED ON A DESPERADO'S HORSE WITH A BLANKET WRAPPED AROUND HIM, FOR A WANTED KILLER! HE RACED TOWARD THE BOY - TOOK AIM AT HIS BACK AND FIRED, BUT THE GUN DIDN'T GO OFF - AGAIN HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER AND AGAIN, NOTHING HAPPENED - BY THIS TIME HE HAD CAUGHT UP TO THE VICTIM AND JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT AGAIN, HE RECOGNIZED THE RIDER AS A LOST BOY HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR!



THEY COULD NOT KEEP A MAN IN JAIL IN Abilene, Texas - BECAUSE SOME DESPERADO WAS ALWAYS KNOCKING THE JAIL DOWN!

U.S. MAIL

"MY NAMES, JIM AN' I WANT MAIL!"

"WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME?"

"EVERYBODY KNOWS ME - NOW GIT ME MY MAIL OR I'LL BLOW YA TO BITS!" THE MAIL CLERK HURRIEDLY STUCK AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT IN AN ENVELOPE - SCRIBBLED ON IT AND GAVE IT TO JIM, WHO WAS SATISFIED, 'CAUSE HE COULDN'T READ ANYWAY!



"BITTERS" WAS AN APPROPRIATE NAME GIVEN TO HARD LIQUOR IN THE OLD WEST!

IT WAS ADVERTISED AS A CURE FOR: SNAKE BITE MALARIA CHILLS - FEVER NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA RUN DOWN FEELING - AS WELL AS BEING A "WHOOOPER-UP" FOR JOY! IT WOULD KILL OR CURE YOU!



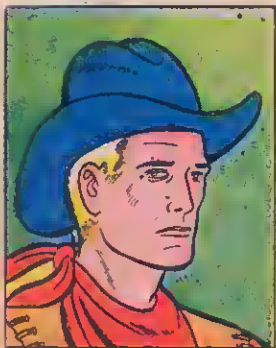
IN 1850 - THE WASHINGTON BUREAU OF ENGRAVING MADE A MISTAKE - ONE SHEET OF NOTES WAS DISTRIBUTED WITH \$50 PRINTED ON ONE SIDE OF IT AND \$100 PRINTED ON THE OTHER!

A CLERK IN A WESTERN HOTEL DISCOVERED THE BILL AFTER HOURS OF COUNTING AND RECOUNTING HIS CASH RECEIPTS - WHILE COUNTING THE MONEY, HE HAD COME OUT \$50 SHORT EACH TIME, UNTIL HE TURNED EACH BILL OVER!



MARSHAL MARK ALLEN

HE NEVER DREW FIRST



MARK ALLEN probably took more chances with his life than any other of the old-time Western sheriffs and marshals. There was a reason. Allen never drew a gun until his adversary had drawn first. In spite of that Mark Allen carried on as lawman for over fifty years before he died with his boots on.

Marshal Allen was a soft-spoken man and a gentleman, and his approach to a law-breaker usually began with the words, "You better hand over your guns!" So it is easy to see how many chances he took, approaching the rough-hewn characters of the old West in this way. For in those days human life could be snuffed out so easily! The mere fast move of

the hand—so swift as to be almost unnoticed—a twitch of the trigger finger, a flash of orange signaling the bang of exploding powder, and a man could fall for good, making another notch in the hickory handle of some six-shooter!

Although Mark Allen hated the ruthless taking of human life, he hated more the lawless disregard for the rights of others. Therefore, he despised outlawry, but respected the outlaw's right to live. And so it was his determination to wipe out lawlessness wherever and whenever the occasion arose.

During the period from 1890 to 1893 the Hogan gang of train bandits was terrorizing the State of Oklahoma. At that time Mark Allen was working in that state and grew enraged at their repeated banditry. He took stern steps, sometimes single-handed and sometimes in cooperation with other lawmen, he trailed down and broke up the entire mob. At one time he captured alone, without firing a shot, Tom Hogan, leader of the bandits.

But this is the story of a lesser known, yet highly representative episode in the life of this great sheriff. Joe Brody was a member of the Hogan gang until the

lawmen finally dispersed the pack. Then Brody went out on his own. Gathering a few of the mob together, he started out, taking bank after bank, railroad after railroad, until he attained notoriety as a bandit and a killer. It eventually got too hot for him and he escaped to the Osage Indian Country in Oklahoma.

Mark Allen had been on his trail relentlessly and when he learned Brody had run off to the Territory he said, "He hasn't escaped, even though he thinks he's safe."



A man heard Allen say that and stepped up to him. "I hear tell Brody says if you want him, Sheriff, you can come an' git him."

Allen eyed the other calmly. "What do you think I meant

when I spoke?"

With that Allen turned to his horse, got astride and rode off. He knew he had a long and tough road ahead of him, but Allen was dauntless. He would trail his man to the ends of the earth if necessary.

Mark Allen knew the country he traveled. He knew the Indians along the trail. Little by little he pieced one bit of information with another.

"The white man went that way," an Indian would say. Patiently Mark Allen would follow directions. And as he went he would try to fathom the likely places Brody might hide.

But if Allen had friends in the Indian country, so had Joe Brody. The bandit learned of the marshal's journey and he laughed hard.

"So the dad-blamed sheriff's gonna take me back to Kang, eh? We'll see." Brody then set off in the direction toward which he believed Allen to be approaching.

Little by little each moved toward the other, the difference being, of course, that Brody would kill on sight, or would shoot in the back, while Mark Allen, even if he had the advantage, would try to arrest Brody

without bloodshed.

Toward evening in the late summer of 1894 Brody learned that Allen was not more than five miles away from him. He set out at once. Pressing his horse for all the animal could do, the desperado rode on. This



would be a sight to see! The gold-durned lawman comin' up this far just to get killed! He chuckled gleefully as he thought of the surprise on Allen's face when he found himself facing the muzzle of his quarry's six-gun.

Meanwhile Mark Allen had done some scouting of his own.

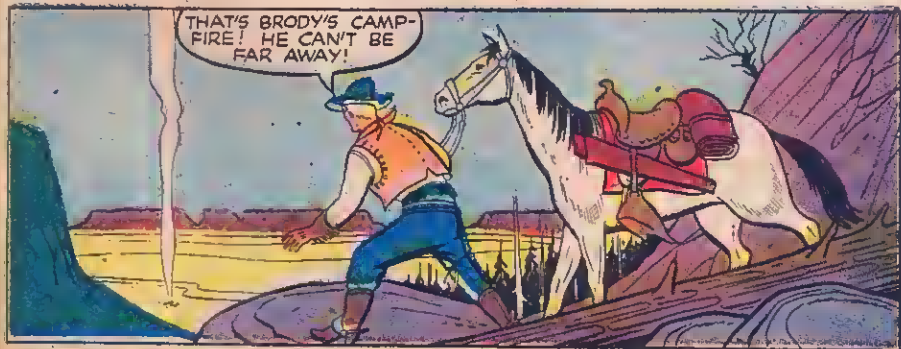
He learned, too, that Joe Brody might soon meet him face to face. He worked slowly along the trail now, careful not to tire his horse, stopping whenever possible to allow the animal to drink at the occasional springs he passed. Ever alert, he watched for evidences of his prey.

Allen lay down quietly in the darkness to sleep. No sound save the bark of a coyote, or the far-off howl of a timber wolf, or the thousand sounds of the night's still vastness reached his ears.

When dawn broke the next day, Mark Allen rose, leading his mount silently through the gray mists, he climbed higher for a vantage point. Finally, when he reached a peak, the sun broke over the horizon, red with the promise of fire in the heavens. Scanning the scenery below him, Mark Allen pursed his lips grimly. Below him, far down the trail a thin hair-breadth of smoke rose above the rocky crevices.

Allen left his horse and started down, each step cautious, as he moved.

The trail leveled off a bit after an hour's travel. The smell of charred embers from an extinguished cook fire was pungent now and Allen inspected his



gun, then placed it back in the holster. He stood still. A hundred feet ahead the faintest tread of a footstep reached his ears. He was not sure, of course, that it was Brody, but he had a strange feeling it was!

Mark Allen suddenly stood still, as he heard the snort of a horse, then the low-spoken voice of the horse's owner, commanding the mount to move on. Perhaps the long, long quest was about to end.



The horse's nose first came into view, then the rider. Joe Brody was not looking in the direction of Mark Allen. The sheriff could have him covered, or he could kill him before the bandit realized what had happened.

Mark Allen stood with his legs apart, watching. Then he spoke. "I'm goin' to take you back with me, Joe Brody!" he said quietly.

Allen's words were like a keg of powder under the bandit. He wheeled his mount, at the same time whipping out his six-shooter. When he saw Allen unarmed, facing his own weapon, not ten feet away, Joe Brody laughed.

"So you're goin' to take me with you, eh?" Brody laughed. "You better hand over your

guns, Brody," said the lawman with characteristic composure. "I said I was goin' to take you back!"

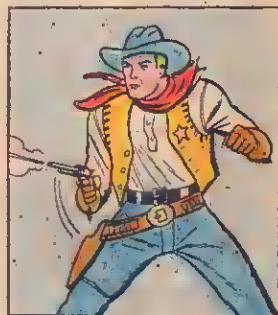
Brody swore. Allen took a step forward. With a snarl on his lips the bandit fired from the hip. Once...twice...the actions of Mark Allen, seeming unhurried, nevertheless were as swift as lightning. For some reason his body was elsewhere than where Joe Brody aimed. And two shots were all Mark Allen decided to allow Brody.

Like a well lubricated machine, Mark Allen moved, again making not a single unnecessary motion. In an act of drawing his gun and firing at the same time, the sheriff made his one shot count! There in the heavy air the acrid smell of powder reached his nostrils as smoke curled lazily from his weapon.

Joe Brody spoke not a word. His body balanced a second uncertainly astride his horse, then swayed half backward and fell headlong to the ground, his head striking first, his body crumbling with its own weight.

Joe Brody was dead.

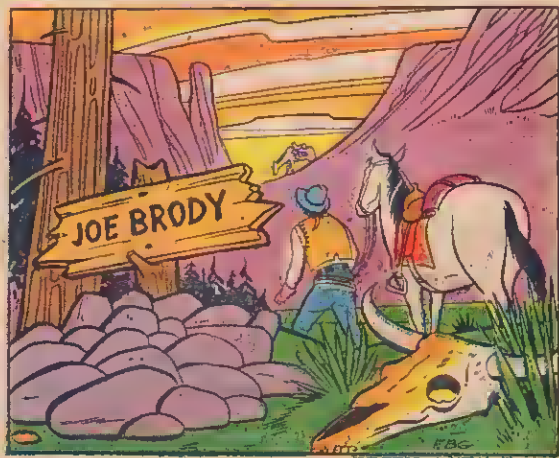
Mark Allen dug a grave for Joe Brody and buried him. Then he took Brody's horse and led it off, as he went, in search of



his own mount. It would be a long trail home again. He'd best get started.

That was the way with Mark Allen. He had a job to do and he did it well, without fuss or feathers. Little by little he was making it unhealthy for outlaws. He was one of the great Westerners, who early proved that, in this great country, as anywhere else, CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

THE END



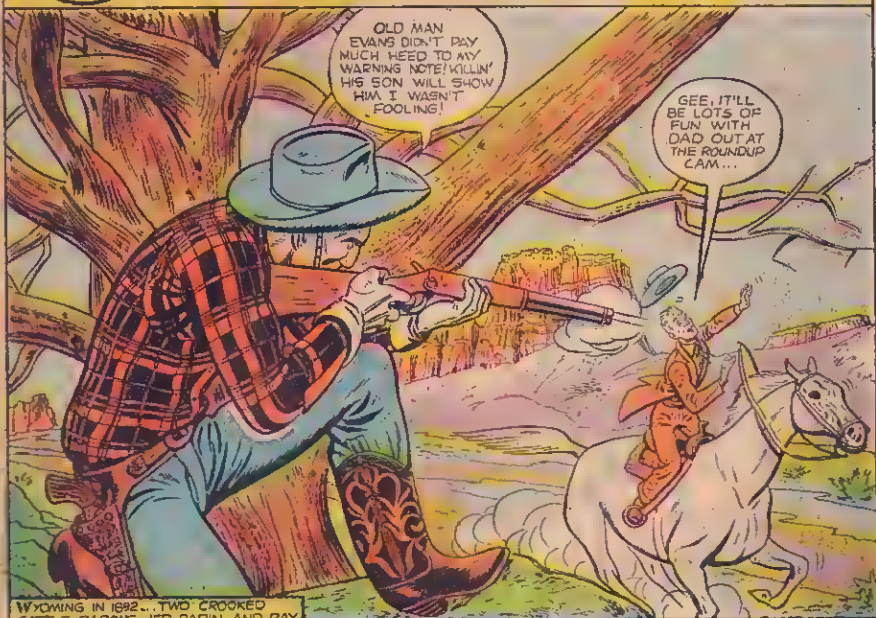
OBEY THE LAW

KILLER TOM CURTIS

**A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

**ONE OF THE LAST AND
MOST RUTHLESS OF THE
OLD WEST'S DESPERADOES!**

**TOM
CURTIS
HANGED
1910**



OLD MAN EVANS DIDN'T PAY MUCH HEED TO ANY WARNING NOTE! KILLIN' HIS SON WILL SHOW HIM I WASN'T FOOLING!

GEE, IT'LL BE LOTS OF FUN WITH DAD OUT AT THE ROUNDUP CAM...

WYOMING IN 1892... TWO CROOKED CATTLE BARONS, JED RADIN AND RAY POWEY, CALL IN TOM CURTIS...

LOOK, TOM, THE CRUICKSHANK BROTHERS ARE GETTIN' TOO IMPORTANT AROUND HERE WITH THEIR CATTLE! BEIN' AS HOW RAY AND ME ARE RESPECTABLE! CATTLEMEN, WE GOTTA EASE 'EM OUT DIPLOMATIC LIKE!

HERE'S THE DEAL, TOM--WE LET LOOSE A FEW HEAD OF OUR CATTLE INTO THEIR HERD, AN' YOU, AS A 'CATTLE DETECTIVE', CATCH 'EM RED HANDED! THERE'S \$2,000 IN IT FOR YOU!

COUNT ME IN, BOYS--WHEN DO I START PLAYIN' DETECTIVE?

WHAT A SLICK IDEA THIS WAS! WHOA... THERE'S A COUPLE OF HEAD OF RADIN'S CATTLE NOW! CRUICKSHANK'S BOYS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

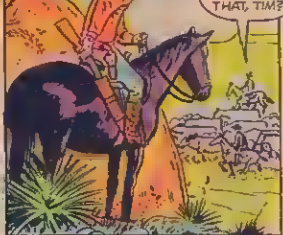
HEY YOU DOWN THERE! HOLD UP!

WHO THE HECK IS THAT, TIM?

SO THIS IS WHERE RADIN'S STEERS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARIN'! TO--C'MON, BOYS, REACH!

GOSH, MISTER, WE DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT HERE, HONEST!

PROVE IT AT THE TRIAL!



OBEDY THE LAW

LATER THAT WEEK, AT THE TRIAL...

WE, THE JURY FIND THE DEFENDANTS, NED AND BILL CRUICKSHANK, GUILTY OF NOTHING! IT WAS A CLEAR CUT FRAME UP!



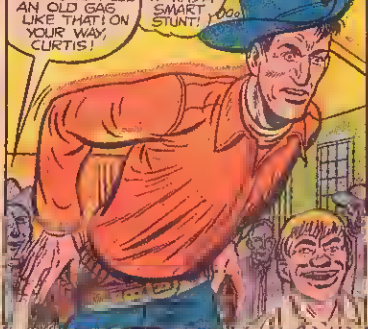
YAHOO! WE'LL SHOW THAT RADIN CUTTIE THEY CAN'T PULL THAT STUFF AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



CASE DISMISSED!

HAW, HAW! WHAT A LAUGH! TRYING TO PULL AN OLD GAG LIKE THAT! ON YOUR WAY, CURTIS!

AN' I THOUGHT IT WAS A SMART STUNT! YOOH!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, RADIN-GETTIN' ME LAUGHED OUT OF COURT? WHY DIDN'T YA LET ME SHOOT 'EM ON THE SPOT?

FROM NOW ON, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO! NOW THERE'S A FELLOW DOWN FORTS CREEK WAY NAMED POWELL, WHO'S ALSO BUTTIN' IN ON OUR BUSINESS-**SO GET HIM!** AND HERE'S A BONUS BECAUSE OF YOUR EMBARRASSMENT IN COURT!



DEAD CENTER! POWELL WON'T BE A NUISANCE TO NOBODY NO MORE!

UGH!



FROM NOW ON, WHEN THEY FIND 'EM WITH A ROCK UNDER THEIR HEAD, THEY'LL KNOW YA CURTIS DID IT!



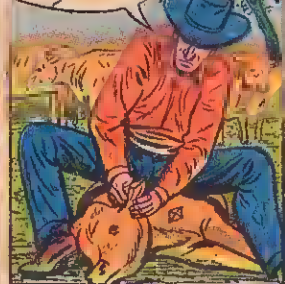
SHERIFF-WHEN IT COMES TO KILLIN', I RECKON I'VE GOT A CORNER ON THE MARKET! MAYBE I DID KILL POWELL... AN' THE OTHER TEN CORPSES, YUH FOUND WITH ROCKS UNDER THEIR HEADS TOO, BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE I DONE IT!

YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, CURTIS! SOMEDAY YOU'LL SLIP UP!



A MAN NAMED JAKE DALE WAS ALSO A NUISANCE TO RADIN'S CROOKED DEALINGS-TOM CAUGHT 'ONE OF HIS STEERS, SUT OPEN HIS HIDE, AND INSERTED A QUARTER!

NOW I'LL JUST CUT A SMALL HOLE IN YOUR EAR, SO'S I'LL KNOW YOU LATER! HOLD STILL, DERN YA!



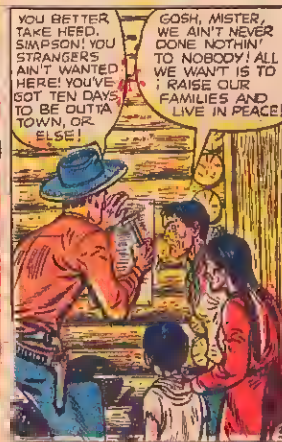
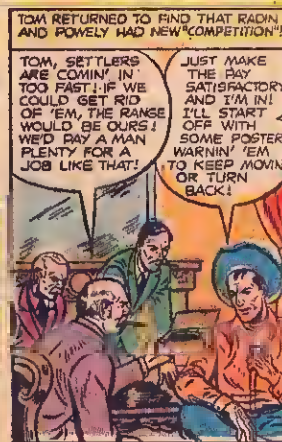
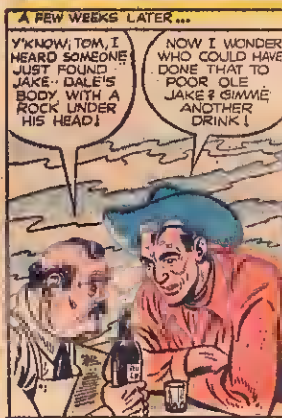
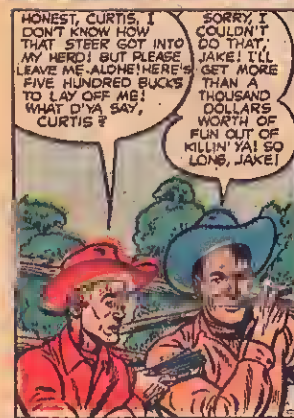
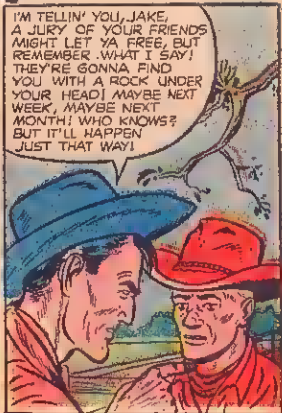
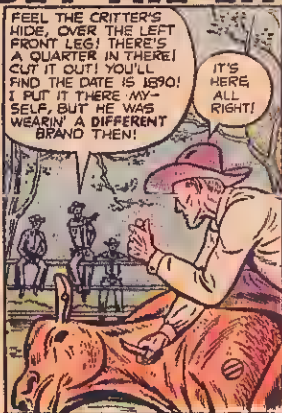
SOMETIME LATER JAKE DALE TOOK HIS CATTLE TO MARKET! TOM WAS THERE...WAITING!

DON'T YOU RECKON YOU'VE GOT SOME CATTLE THERE THAT DON'T BELONG TO YA, JAKE?

NOT ME, CURTIS- THESE ARE ALL MY CATTLE!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

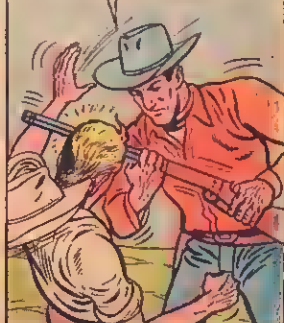
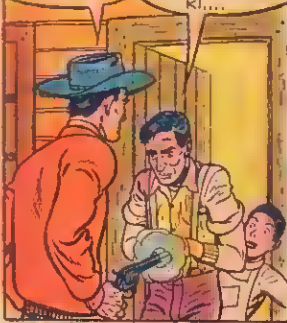
YOUR TEN DAYS ARE UP, SMPSON! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO STUBBORN!

BUT MISTER CURTIS, I AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANOTHER RANCH! WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH MY WIFE AND KID...

YOU'D BETTER GET OUT QUICK! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO SMPSON?

HAVE A HEART, CURTIS! WE CAN'T FIND ANOTHER PLACE! WE'VE TRIED!

...WELL, YA BETTER TRY HARDER! THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET IF YOU'RE NOT OUTTA HERE BY NOON TOMORROW!

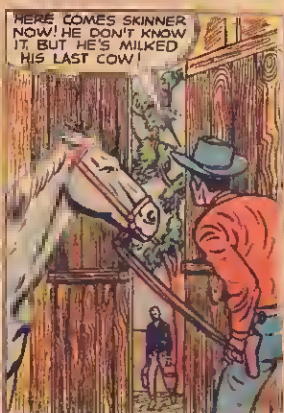


IF TOM CURTIS COMES MESSIN' AROUND HERE TRYIN' TO RUN ME OFF MY PROPERTY, HE'LL GET PLENTY HE'LL AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR OR MY NAME AIN'T MIKE SKINNER!

THAT'S THE STUFF, PA! WE AIN'T SCARED OF TOM CURTIS! ARE WE?

SO SKINNER'S GONNA BE WAITIN' FOR ME, EH? I'LL JUST GO HIM ONE BETTER!

HERE COMES SKINNER NOW! HE DON'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S MILKED HIS LAST COW!



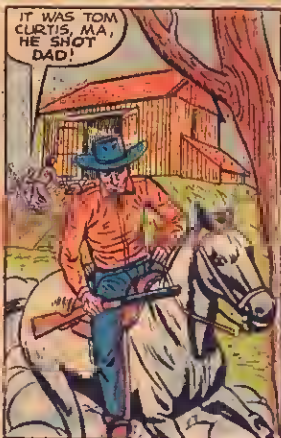
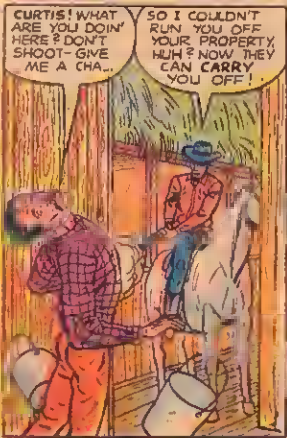
CURTIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? DON'T SHOOT-GIVE ME A CHA...

SO I COULDN'T RUN YOU OFF YOUR PROPERTY HUH? NOW THEY CAN CARRY YOU OFF!

IT WAS TOM CURTIS, MA, HE SHOT DAD!

I'M TOM CURTIS, THE KILLINEST GUY IN WYOMING! RECKON I'VE KILLED MORE MEN THAN ANY ONE MAN YA EVER HEARD OF! YA SHOULD A SEEN SKINNER'S FACE WHEN I PLUGGED HIM! GIMME ANOTHER DRINK!

Y-YES, MISTER CURTIS



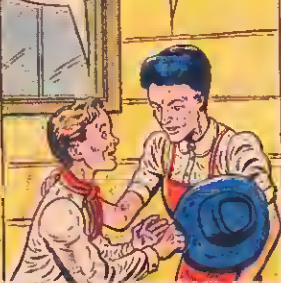
OBEY THE LAW

ANOTHER PEACEFUL SETTLER, CHUCK EVANS, RECEIVED ONE OF CURTIS'S WARNINGS!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MA! I TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER PLACE, BUT IT'S NO USE! I'M GOIN' OUT TO THE ROUNDUP! IF CURTIS SHOWS UP, TELL HIM I'LL SEE HIM WHEN I GET BACK IN A FEW DAYS!



MA, THIS IS VACATION WEEK AT SCHOOL! CAN I GO OUT ON THE ROUNDUP WITH PA? CAN I MA-HUH?

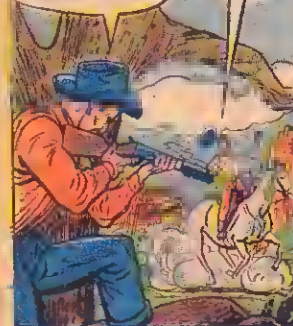


HERE, TAKE THIS LUNCH, WILLY! YOU MIGHT GET HUNGRY ON THE WAY! I PUT AN EXTRA PIECE OF CAKE IN THERE FOR YOUR PA! YOU BETTER GET GOIN'!

THANKS, MA, WE'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS!



EVANS DIDN'T PAY MUCH HEED TO MY WARNING NOTE! KILLIN' HIS KID WILL SHOW HIM I WASN'T FOOLIN'!



GEE, IT'LL BE FUN OUT AT THE ROUNDUP CAM...

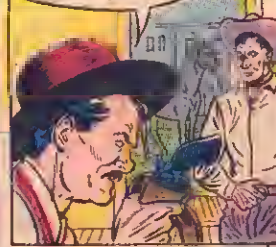
PETE, THIS IS MORE THAN I CAN SOWACH! WE'VE GOTTA STOP THAT RAT!



THERE'S A MARSHAL IN CHEYENNE, JOE LYONS, WHO'S JUST THE MAN TO GET TOM CURTIS! I'LL RIDE OVER THERE AND SEE HIM TOMORROW!

YOU'LL BE DOIN' US A GREAT SERVICE, LYONS, BUT IT WON'T BE EASY! CURTIS IS RUTHLESS AND ELUSIVE! IN SPITE OF ALL HIS KILLINGS, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PIN ANYTHING ON HIM!

I'LL SEE THAT KILLER HANG OR I'LL KILL HIM MYSELF, IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE TO DO IT! LET'S GET STARTED, PETE!

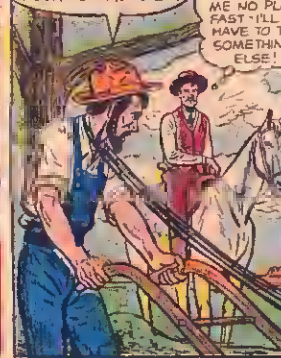


SORRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW NOthin' ABOUT NO TOM CURTIS—AIN'T NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

NO WONDER HE'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH SO MUCH EVERYBODY'S PETRIFIED OF THE SKUNK!



IF I TOLD YOU WHAT I KNOW, STRANGER, MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS! I DON'T KNOW NOthin'—NO-HOW! SORRY, MISTER!



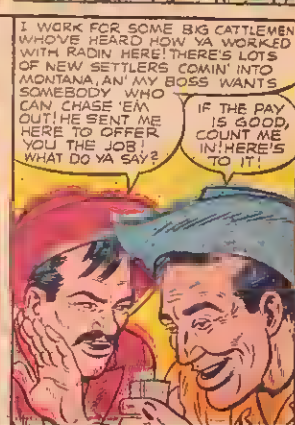
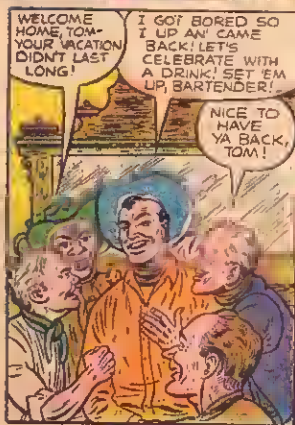
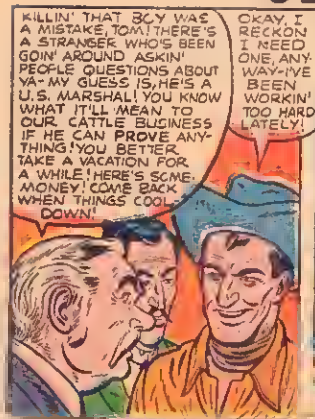
THIS QUESTIONING IS GETTING ME NO PLACE FAST! I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

THOSE SETTLERS ARE SCARED TO TALK, PETE! I GOT A NEW ANGLE! I'LL GET CURTIS TO DO THE TALKIN' HIMSELF! NOW DON'T LET ON TO ANYBODY WHO I AM! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME, UNDERSTAND?

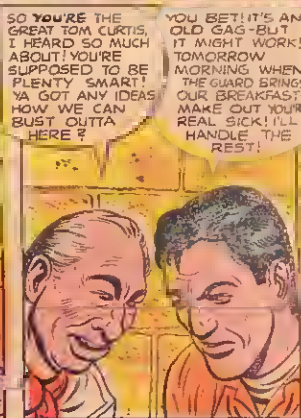
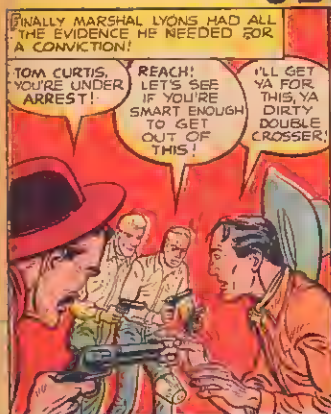
RIGHT, LYONS, I GET YA!



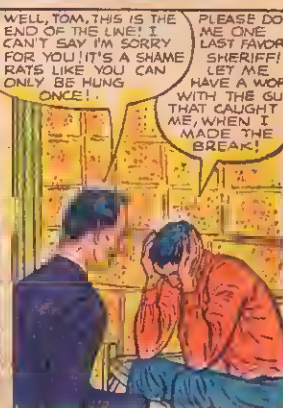
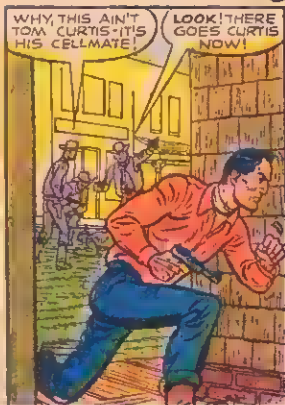
OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



THE END

WESTERN WHACKIES

WAF A
MINUTE, JAKE,
I THINK WE
MADE A
MISTAKE!

ABE'S HORSE
HATES T'GET HIS
FEET WET!

HI, EB—DID YOU
ESCAPE, OR IS THAT
JUST SOMETHING
NEW IN
NECKTIES?

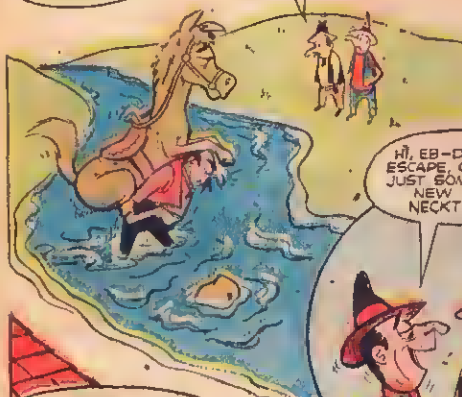
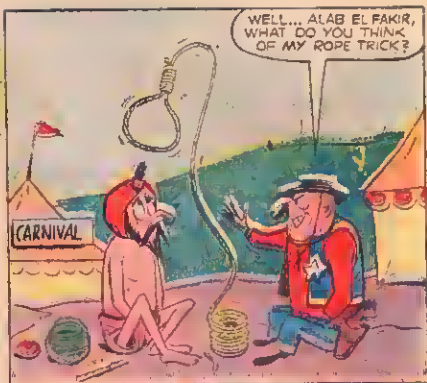
WA-A-AL... I DID PLAN
TO USE THIS PLOT FER
PLANTING... BUT AM GOT
IN A RUCKUS WITH THE
MCCOYS AS TO WHO
OWNED IT!

PHOTOGRAPHS

WELL... ALAB EL FAKIR,
WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF MY ROPE TRICK?

YOU SHORE
PICKED A SWELL
PLACE TO HIDE
FROM KILLER
KEGLEG!

BUT AL... IT AIN'T A NEW
FANGLED CANNON, HE WUZ ONLY
GOING TO TAKE YOUR PICTURE!



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